The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

May 1978
$1.50

HEAVY METAL

IND
36587

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S

ANIMAL HOUSE

A comedy from Universal Pictures that will escape sometime this summer.

Starring: John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, Verna Bloom, Thomas Hulce,
and Donald Sutherland as "Jennings"
Plus a cast of 4,623 other very funny people.

Produced by Matty Simmons and Ivan Reitman
Directed by John Landis
Written by Harold Ramis, Doug Kenney, and Chris Miller

CHAIN MAIL

Sirs:

Having seen the first two chapters of Gray Morrow's "Orion" in a fanzine with a copyright date of 1975, thus implying it has long since been completed, I would like to know why you felt it necessary, in "...Subsequently...," *HM* # 10, to give the impression it was unfinished till sometime in 1977.

Puzzled,
Gary Davis
Portland, Oregon

Dear Gary: "Orion" isn't finished yet, *and if Gray knows how it turns out, he's not telling. True, the first two chapters were published—in black and white—in* Witzend, *wasn't it? But nobody was smart or crazy enough to finance Gray's completion of the story. Until us.—Eds.*

Editors:

I have recently become a devoted fan of *Heavy Metal.* Don't listen to those morons who talk down *HM* (they don't know class when they see it). *Heavy Metal* is as mind-blowing as Monty Python is funny.

Jeff Barry
Marblehead, Mass.

Ms. Simmons:

While the comments in reply to Ms. Reynolds (2/78) may have some merit, I find it difficult to accept from a woman who begins, "Girls, girls, girls, what are we going to do with you?" My anger/ annoyance/ disappointment was not lessened by your female name at the bottom, but was rather increased to the point of suggesting to you that if you, my dear, are a girl, please don't lay your trip on the rest of us, even in a comic book.

Jean Anmuth
New York, N.Y.

I'd rather not continue with the subject of Heavy Metal *versus "Women as sex objects" because woman's lib arguments unfortunately tend to get tedious. For years sexism was rampant in films, publications, and everyday life. The woman's lib movement surfaced, accusations were made, and supposedly equality was won. But a totally different side to liberation, which has yet to be discussed, is open-mindedness—the ability to laugh at and with yourself.*

If my comment in the February issue of Heavy Metal *seemed unusually sardonic, it was. The struggle for*

continued on page 55

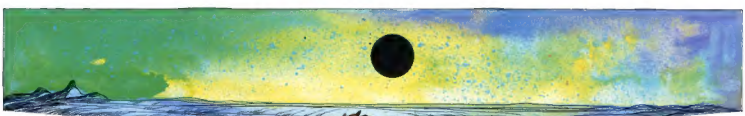
Not every man can handle Metaxa®.

There's no easy way to describe the taste of Metaxa. Except to say that it's definitely not one of your kid-glove drinks. When you taste Metaxa, you know it. And you won't forget it.

Metaxa comes from Greece, where they understand such things. The Greeks drink Metaxa straight, by the fistful. Or sometimes as a Stinger with a little more sting.

Metaxa. Drunk by Gods and Warriors. And Men who can handle it.

The 84 proof Greek Specialty Liqueur
© Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. N.Y. Sole Importers



Heavy Metal Vol. II, No. 1 May 1978

CONTENTS

...Continually..., 4
Jungle Gysm, by **Moebius,** 5
Going to Pieces, by **Schuiten,** 7
Fed Up, by **Le Tendre and Hé,** 15
Orion, by **Morrow,** 23
The Uptight Garbage of Jerry Cornelius, by **Moebius,** 31
Tap-Dancing on a Tender Cerebellum, by **Nino,** 35
An Image, by **Macedo and Voss,** 45
Galactic Geographic, by **Kofoed,** 48
Lost Time, by **Norville and Fourgeaud,** 50
Ozone Alley, by **Richard Raxlen,** 58
Urm, by **Druillet,** 62
Margerin, 74
The Day, by **Blanc and Dumont,** 77
Barbarella, by **Forest,** 83
1996, by **Montellier,** 92
Front cover by **Druillet**
Back cover by **Tom Barber**

"Orion," copyright ©1975, by Gray Morrow.
"Tap-Dancing on a Tender Cerebellum," copyright ©1978, by Alex Nino.
"Galactic Geographic," copyright ©1978, by Karl Kofoed.
"Ozone Alley," copyright ©1978, by Richard Raxlen.
"Urm le Fou," by Druillet, cover by Druillet, copyright ©1975, 1978 by Dargaud Editeur, Paris.
"Barbarella," by Jean-Claude Forest, copyright ©1977, Pierre Horay Editeur, France.
"Jungle Gysm," by Moebius, "Going to Pieces," by Schuiten, "Fed Up," by Le Tendre and Hé, "The Uptight Garbage of Jerry Cornelius," by Moebius, "An Image," by Macedo and Voss, "Lost Time," by Norville and Fourgeaud, "The Day," by Blanc and Dumont, "1996," by Montellier, and "Margerin" are all from *Metal Hurlant*, copyright ©1976, 1977, 1978. *Metal Hurlant* is published by L.F. Editions, Les Humanoides Associés, Paris, France. Reprinted by permission.

Editors: **Sean Kelly, Valerie Marchant**
Copy Editor: **Susan Devins**
Foreign Rights Manager: **Barbara Sabatino**

Design Director: **Peter Kleinman**
Managing Editor: **Julie Simmons**
Production Manager: **George Agoglia, Jr.**
Assoc. Publisher & Adver. Director: **William T. Lippe**

Art Director: **John Workman**
Circulation Director: **George S. Agoglia, Sr.**
Publishers: **Matty Simmons, Leonard Mogel**

Moondance Productions

POSTERS by FRANK FRAZETTA

Powerful full color posters by Frank Frazetta, the acknowledged master of fantasy art. Stunning reproductions printed on textured stock. A must for the true fantasy art collector!

THE MAN APE Conan
No. 701 ..... $4.00

THE SNOW GIANTS Conan of Cimmeria
No. 702 ..... $4.00

THE BARBARIAN Conan the Adventurer
No. 703 ..... $4.00

No. 721 Egyptian Queen $4.00

No. 724 Silver Warrior $4.00

No. 748 Moon Maid $4.00

See the Moondance Catalog for more Frazetta posters

SWORD & SORCERY BOOKS

CONAN BOOKS—BRITISH COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS
- No. 1 Conan $1.75
- No. 2 Conan the Adventurer $1.75
- No. 3 Conan the Avenger $1.75
- No. 4 Conan the Buccaneer $1.75
- No. 5 Conan the Conqueror $1.75
- No. 6 Conan of Cimmeria $1.75
- No. 7 Conan the Freebooter $1.75
- No. 8 Conan of the Isles $1.75
- No. 9 Conan the Usurper $1.75
- No. 10 Conan the Wanderer $1.75
- No. 11 Conan the Warrior $1.75
- No. 12 All 11 Titles, save $2.25 ..... $17.00

MORE BOOKS BY ROBERT E. HOWARD
- No. 21 King Kull $2.50
- No. 22 Skull Face Omnibus I $2.50
- No. 23 Skull Face Omnibus II $250
- No. 24 Skull Face Omnibus III $2.50
- No. 25 Sword of Shaharazar $1.95
- No. 26 Almuric $2.50
- No. 101 Solomon Kane $1.50

- No. 102 The Moon of Skulls (Kane) $1.50
- No. 103 The Hand of Kane $1.50
- No. 163 Book of Robert E. Howard $1.95
- No. 183 Second Book of R.E. Howard $1.95
- No. 234 Worms of the Earth (Bran Mak Morn) $1.50

ELRIC BOOKS BY MICHAEL MOORCOCK
- No. 301 Elric of Melnibone $1.50
- No. 302 Sailors on the Seas of Fate $1.50
- No. 303 Weird of the White Wolf $1.50
- No. 304 The Vanishing Tower $1.50
- No. 305 Bane of the Black Sword $1.50
- No. 306 Stormbringer $1.50

FRITZ LEIBER'S FAFHRD & GRAY MOUSER BOOKS
- No. 307 Swords and Deviltry $1.75
- No. 308 Swords against Death $1.75
- No. 309 Swords in the Mist $1.75
- No. 310 Swords Against Wizardry $1.75
- No. 311 Swords of Lankhmar $1.75
- No. 312 Swords and Ice Magic $1.75

See the Moondance Catalog for more fantasy books and Sword and Sorcery literature.

MOONDANCE CATALOG—Large, illustrated catalog featuring 1000's of MARVEL & DC comics, back-issues, underground comix, books, records, posters, T-shirts, gifts and many NEW ITEMS not featured in this ad. Free gift coupons included with catalog. (Catalog is sent free with all orders) No. 99 Catalog $1.00 postpaid (re fundable with first order.)

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS: Order by item number & title. Include name & ad dress. Include $1.00 for postage & handling (Canada $2.00, Overseas: $3.00) on ALL orders

POSTERS by BARRY SMITH

CONAN THE BARBARIAN
Spellbinding pen & ink by Barry Smith, the original Conan comic artist. 20x23 inches.
No. 74 Smith Conan Poster $3.50

THE DEVIL'S LAKE
A majestic color work by Barry Smith revealing all the power, passion and pain of the mysterious 'lady of the lake.' 25x25 inches on coated stock.
No. 78 The Devil's Lake $5.00

MORE POSTERS

ELRIC, THE EMPEROR'S LEAVE TAKING
Brilliant work by Tim Conrad, fantasydom's favorite new talent. Color, 18x23 inches.
No. 72 Conrad Elric Poster $3.50

ELRIC, THE WHITE WOLF
Incredible pen & ink by Bob Gould, famed illustrator, authorized by Michael Moorcock. 17x22 inches.
No. 75 Elric, the White Wolf $2.50

See the Moondance Catalog for more posters.

L. P. RECORD ALBUMS

CONAN LP RECORD ALBUM—Authorized dramatizations of R.E. Howard's THE TOWER OF THE ELEPHANT & THE FROST GIANT'S DAUGHTER. Scripts by Roy Thomas & Alan B. Liner notes by Glenn Lord. Color cover by TIM CONRAD.
No. 51 Conan Record Album $6.00

HARLAN ELLISON: "HARLAN!" as read by the author. Featuring: "Repent, Harlequin!" Said the Tsktsktsman" and "Shatterday." Liner notes by Issac Asimov, cover art by Leo and Diane Dillon. 1977 Nebula Award Finalist for a dramatic presentation!
No. 62 Harlan! $5.95

See the Moondance Catalog for more Fantasy Records.

UNDERGROUND COMIX

Some of the subjects dealt with in these comix are adult in nature and require a mature reader. You must be eighteen years of age or older and state so to order them. See the Moondance catalog for more complete listings, descriptions and illustrations of underground comix.

STAR*REACH

The unique synthesis of underground and overground.
- No. 1 Starlin, Chaykin $1.25
- No. 2 Neal Adams cover $1.25
- No. 3 Brunner, Vosburg $1.25
- No. 4 Chaykin, Skrenes $1.25
- No. 5 Chaykin, Wein $1.25
- No. 6 "Elric," Gould, Jones $1.25
- No. 7 Barry Smith cover $1.25
- No. 8 Russell, Steacy $1.25
- No. 9 Motter, Steacy $1.25
- No. 10 Brunner, Friedrich $1.25

HOT STUFF

Mature tales of fantasy & high adventure in the grandest traditions of the genre.
- No. 3 Rich Corben, Arnold, Kirk $1.50
- No. 4 Kenn Barr, Morrow, Vosburg $1.50
- No. 5 Corben, Arnold, Kirk, & Dresser $1.50

QUACK

Talking animals, babbling humans! The funniest underground we've seen in a long time.
- No. 1 Brunner, Chaykin, Shaw $1.25
- No. 2 Lealoha, Sim, Shaw $1.25
- No. 3 Lealoha, Shaw, Aragones $1.25
- No. 4 Lealoha, Sim, Gilbert $1.25
- No. 5 Gilbert, Macklin, Lealoha $1.25

Foreign orders must be payable in US funds. Vermont residents add 3% tax. Include full amount in check or money order. VISA/BANKAMERICARD or MASTERCHARGE accepted, send all numbers and expiration date. We are not responsible for items lost or damaged by Post Office or shipper unless insured. Optional insurance available at $1.00 extra. Thanx much for your order. Mail orders to: MOONDANCE PRODUCTIONS, DEPT. H2, BOYD HILL ROAD, WILMINGTON, VERMONT 05363

...CONTINUALLY...

Feedback & self-criticism would have it that there are (at least) 2 things we do wrong: cause to be printed too many dumb stories & too many continued ones.

Now, re dumbness: you know it ain't easy cramming all of Aristotle's dramatic necessities into a 3 to 8 page comic, i.e., plot, characters, meaning, atmosphere, beginning, middle, & etc., & still leave room for the pretty pictures. Tends to overinflate yr speech balloons. Come to think, there's room for precious few of old Ari's basics slipped into yr average ½hr tv drama. The form, you might say, is restrictive. Hmmm.

Obvious alternative is to give artist/writer more time/space to spin his tale, up periscope from subplot & otherwise sail his craft 'til we cry author! Or at least, O Henry! Hence ubiquitous mini-series on home screen viddy & nourishing serials here in *HM*. Point is, we do not "...to be continued" likes of "Barbarella" & "Orion" in hopes of conning breath-holding reader out of next month's buck 50. Art is the reason. So cough up.

This month's cover is by Philippe Druillet, one of *Metal Hurlant's* original Humanoids, master draftsman, mythmaker, & creator of the "Urm" cycle, which concludes within. Soon as the packet of pages clears U.S. customs (where they are treating it with the care usually afforded Hannukah presents from the PLO), we will bring you the latest adventures of his hero Lone Sloane on the prison-planet, Gail.

Since "Den" concluded in April, we gave Corben 30 days off, but he'll be back next month with a new series of Arabian Nights stuff painted exclusively in OPEC petroleum by-products. Also in June *HM*, look forward to 16 pages by Bob Aull, who is to Vaughn Bodé what Robin Trower is to Jimi Hendrix, as well as illustrated (by Alex Nino) version of Sturgeon's *More Than Human*. Doesn't caviar come from a Sturgeon version?

HM COMMUNICATIONS, INC., is a subsidiary of Twenty First Century Communications, Inc.

Chairman **Matty Simmons** President **Leonard Mogel**
Sr. Vice-President, Circulation **George S. Agoglia**
Vice-President, Finance **Charles Schneider**
Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales **Howard Jurofsky**
Vice-President, Advertising Sales **William T. Lippe**

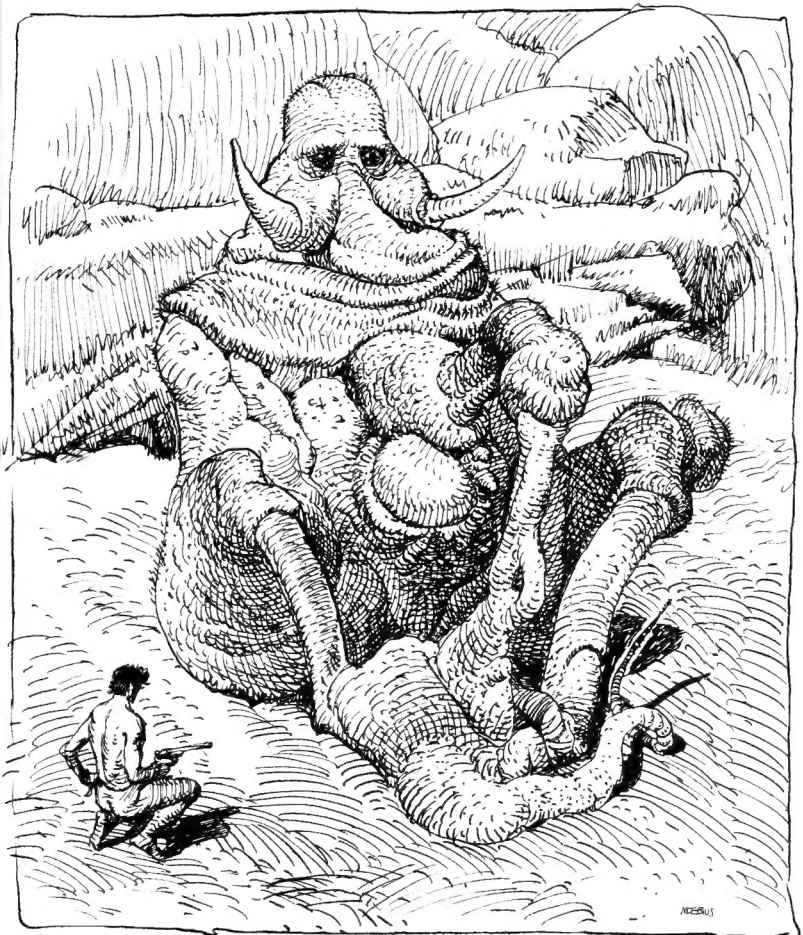
HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE: "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications, Inc. Copyright © 1978 HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semi-fiction is purely coincidental.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. $18.00 paid annual subscription, $26.00 paid two-year subscription, and $33.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and foreign. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

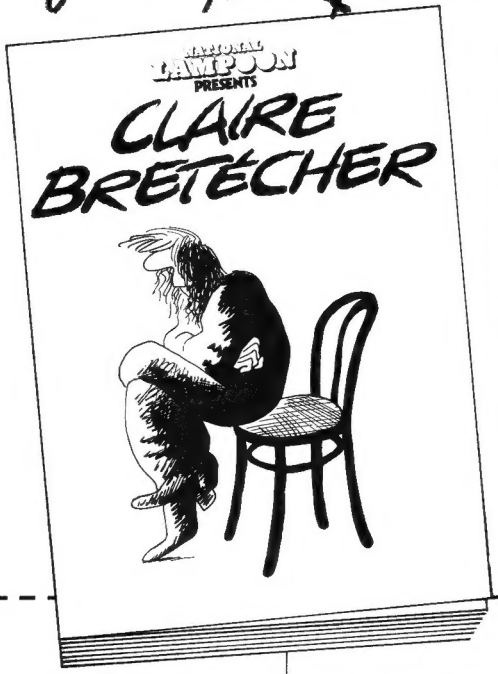
ADVERTISING OFFICES: *New York:* Advertising Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-4070. *Chicago:* William H. Sanke, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60601 (312) 346-7145. *West Coast:* Lowell Fox and Associates, 16033 Ventura Boulevard, Encino, Ca. 91436 (213) 990-2950. *Southern Offices:* Brown & Company, Northside Tower, Suite 407; 6065 Roswell Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30328 (404) 252-9820.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Contact Submissions Editor, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.



JUNGLE GYSM

Claire Bretécher is a funny ~~lady~~ ~~woman~~ person!



The *National Lampoon*...

the world's most widely read adult humor magazine...presents a collection of the very best cartoons, comics, and satire of Claire Bretécher.

She's funny, devilishly clever, and probably the most popular cartoon-satirist in Europe today. Claire Bretécher is the humorist the *New York Times* says presents "a savage, hilarious view of modern life." Claire Bretécher, the rapier-like artist whose look at the middle-class male—his life and his pursuit of the opposite sex—has made her one of the continent's favorite feminists. You'll delight in her jabs at contemporary life, especially when you realize that it's you—and me—she's teasing.

The first U.S. and Canadian publication of Bretécher is a ninety-six-page collection of black and white cartoons and drawings, selected from the enormously popular *Les Frustrés* books already published in France. *National Lampoon Presents Claire Bretécher*, translated by Valerie Marchant and edited by Sean Kelly, editors of *Heavy Metal* magazine, will soon be available in bookstores throughout the country. However, it may be purchased *now* through this advertisement for $5.95, plus a small postage and handling charge.

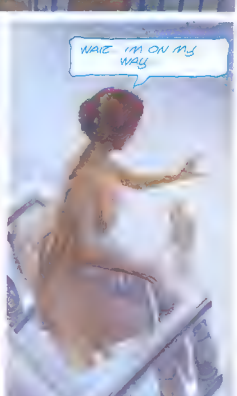
National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

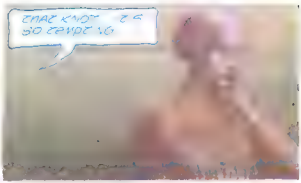
Yes, please send me ____ copy(s) of *National Lampoon Presents Claire Bretécher*. I enclose $5.95 for each copy.
Please add 60¢ for postage and handling.
Sales tax: For delivery in N.Y.C., add 8%. For delivery elsewhere in New York State, add 6%.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)
Address _____
City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

HM-578

going to pieces


WAIT 'M ON MY WAY!


THAT WASN'T VERY NICE

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?!

NO. I'VE GOT AHOLD OF MYSELF NOW

COME ON, I'VE ALWAYS GETTING YOUR SELF INTO IMPOSSIBLE SITUATIONS

YOU SEE, YOU'RE STARTING AGAIN!

YOU'VE ALWAYS GOT TO BE THE STRONG ONE. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO DOES EVERY-THING TO GET ME FEELING THIS WAY

WELL, DON'T EXPECT ME TO HELP YOU THIS TIME
WAIT... YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE LIKE THIS.
SIR, YOUR BEHAVIOR IS UPSETTING SOME OF OUR CUSTOMERS... THERE ARE ESTABLISHMENTS PROVIDED FOR THAT SORT OF THING...
FINE A-L RIGHT

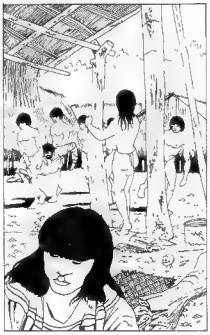
GIVE
ME
MORE
WILD

FED UP!
TEXT: LETENDRE ART: D. HÉ
FED UP!
TIFFO & ARTO
DEVELOPERS, INC.
NO! I CAN'T STAND IT! IT'S UNBEARABLE! I'M GIVING IT UP!
NOW LISTEN TO ME, OLD BOY...
BAM
LISTEN.. LISTEN TO WHAT? THE SAME OLD WORDS OVER AND OVER..YOU'LL NEVER CHANGE...
HEY, BOSS, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE IT ALL UP TO GO... UHH...
GO AHEAD AND SAY IT, PAL! DON'T BE SO SHY! TO GO TO EL DORADO.
DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD CONSIDER IT A LITTLE MORE CAREFULLY BEFORE...
NO! EVERYTHING'S READY! I'VE TAKEN CARE OF ALL THE DETAILS: OLD MAPS, JOURNALS, MANUSCRIPTS... IT TOOK ME YEARS OF SEARCHING TO GET TO THIS POINT AND YOU WANT ME TO GIVE IT ALL UP NOW! MORONS!
I KNOW! WE'VE GOT A GREAT SET-UP HERE, A LUXURY HOTEL, A SWIMMING POOL, AIR CONDITIONING, NICE GROUNDS, THE WORKS...BUT I SAY: NO! NO! NO! IT'S CORRUPT! THIS WHOLE SOCIETY IS CORRUPT...

AND YOU KNOW IT!
IT'S USELESS TO GO ON CLINGING TO ALL OF THIS! I'LL LEAVE IT ALL TO YOU, ARTO. A NICE INHERITANCE, DON'T YOU THINK? I WON'T NEED ANY OF IT ANYMORE, NOT WHERE I'M GOING! AND DON'T EXPECT ANY POSTCARDS FROM ME EITHER!
SO LONG!
B'AM
NOW FOR THE FINAL DETAILS.
FOR SALE
AH! HA! TIFFO, OLD BOY... IT'S EL DORADO FOR YOU.. YES, THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE! SO LONG, CONCRETE

FOUR DAYS LATER...
HEY!
NO!
DAMN IT TO HELL! THIS OLD TUB LEAKS LIKE A SIEVE!
NO MORE MAPS... DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM... NOTHING LEFT...
I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THIS DAMNED RIVER TO JURIA.*
WELL, FOLKS, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR THE RACE.
?
STAGEHAND IS THE FAVORITE TODAY... GOING OFF AT 3 TO 1... IVY ROSE HAS BEEN SCRATCHED...
*WHERE IT MEETS THE AMAZON

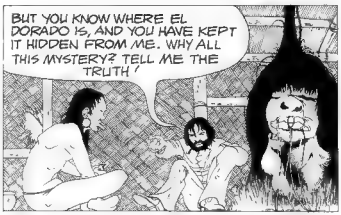
THE HORSES ARE APPROACHING THE STARTING GATE...AND THEY'RE OFF!
EVE'S APPLE TAKES THE LEAD...STAGEHAND IS ON THE RAIL...
EL DORADO! EL DORADO!
CROAC
CHAC
EVERY-THING'S CORRUPT. MEN... SOCIETY... EVEN THE INDIANS WITH THEIR FUCKING RADIO...
...JUNK, POLLUTING NATURE...EVEN NATURE IS CORRUPT! HA HA!...EVERYTHING... THE WHOLE FOREST.
ALDIA!



COR...CORRUPT...
EL...EL DORADO...
DORADO..
YES, WHITE MAN, EL DORADO, YES, SOON. TAKE NOW. YOU DRINK.

EL DORADO... MMMM

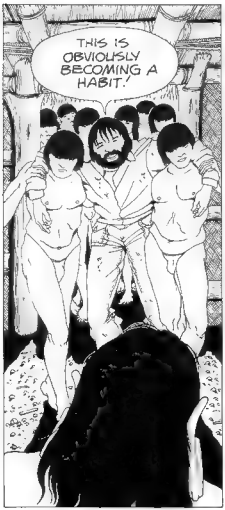
TWO MONTHS LATER...
HEAR ME, KOKUSH, YOU HAVE SAVED ME, CARED FOR ME, AND MADE ME WELCOME AMONG YOU... AND I AM VERY GRATEFUL...


BUT YOU KNOW WHERE EL DORADO IS, AND YOU HAVE KEPT IT HIDDEN FROM ME. WHY ALL THIS MYSTERY? TELL ME THE TRUTH!

BE STILL, TIPPO!

EL DORADO EXISTS, FOR MY EYES HAVE SEEN IT. BUT IT IS DANGEROUS PLACE FOR INDIANS. STRANGERS ARE THERE, PEOPLE LIKE YOU.

PEOPLE LIKE ME.' A LOST CIVILIZATION.' YOU MUST TAKE ME THERE! DO YOU HEAR? YOU MUST.'
IT IS NOT POSSIBLE, TIFFO. IT IS TABOO. THEY ARE NOT OF US WE ARE NOT OF THEM. IT MUST BE LIKE THAT.' YOU CHOOSE!
THIS STUPID FOOL IS AS NARROW-MINDED AS ARTO.' I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER.'
IT IS DECIDED, THEN.' I WILL GO ALONE.'
THE GODS BE WITH YOUR FLIGHT.'
GOOD-BYE, KOKUSH.'
AIIEEE!
HELP ME!
PFFF
TCHAC


THIS IS OBVIOUSLY BECOMING A HABIT!

DO NOT SPEAK. BITE OF SERPENT IS DEADLY FOR WHITE MAN. KOKUSH KNOW ONLY MEDICINE GOOD FOR THREE DAYS, NO LONGER.

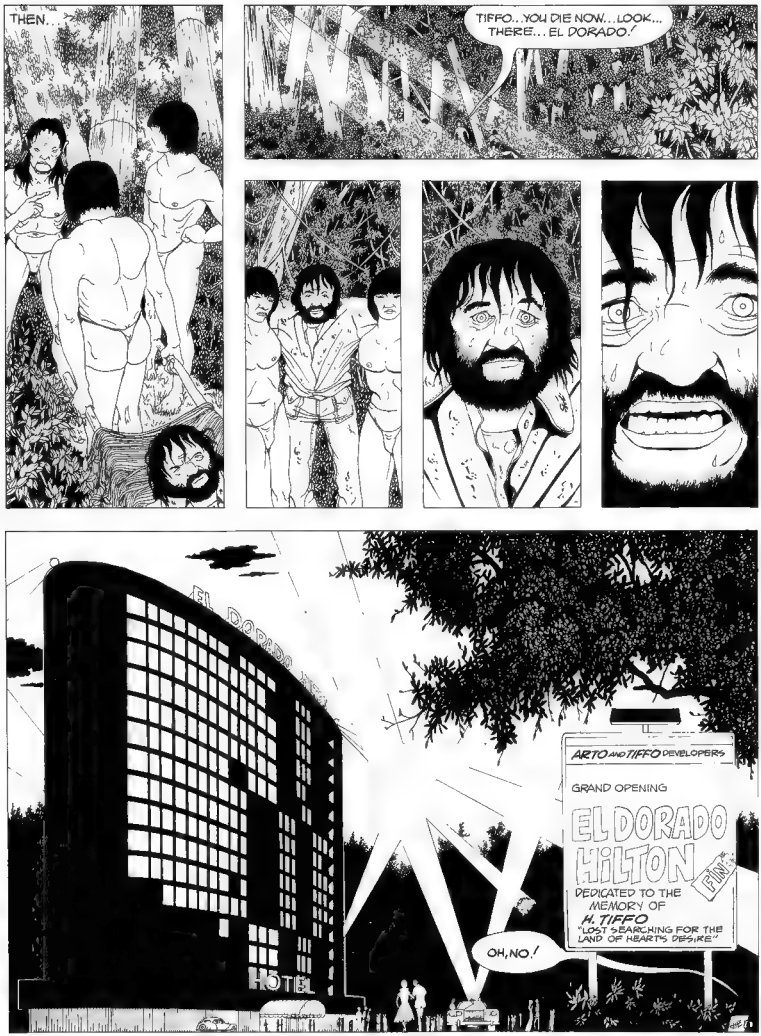
NO!

QUICKLY, EL DORADO! QUICKLY! I MUST SEE IT BEFORE.. I MUST DIE.. IN EL DORADO!

EL... EL DORADO

KOKUSH SAY YES. TAKE YOU. SAY LAST WISH SACRED!

TWO DAYS PASS...


THEN..
TIFFO.. YOU DIE NOW... LOOK... THERE... EL DORADO!
ARTO AND TIFFO DEVELOPERS
GRAND OPENING
EL DORADO HILTON
DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF H. TIFFO "LOST SEARCHING FOR THE LAND OF HEARTS DESIRE."
OH, NO!

©GRAHAM MORROW

THE GROTESQUE CARRION-EATERS GATHER COURAGE AFTER SEVERAL PASSES AND ALIGHT NEARBY, CIRCLING WARILY. THEN, THE BOLDEST OF THE LOT...

... KNOCKED GALLEY WEST BY A RESOUNDING BLOW FROM LAMONTHOS' CROOKED STAFF! APPEARING FROM NOWHERE AS HE IS WONT TO DO, THE BLACK MAGE SCATTERS HIS MINIONS AMID A FLURRY OF FLUTTERINGS AND PIPINGS.

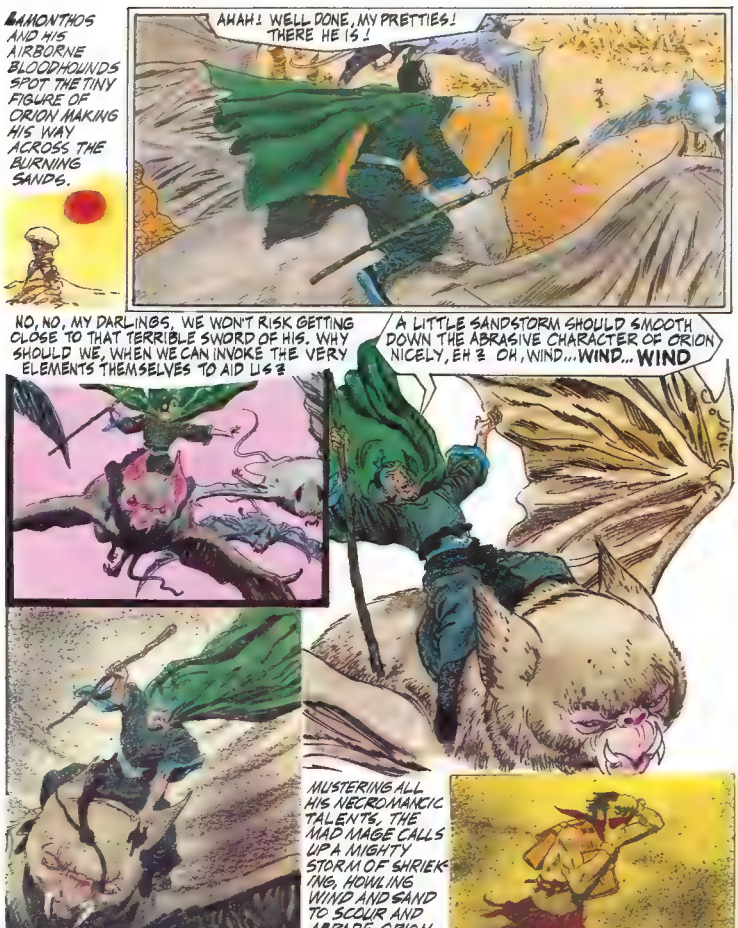
AWAY WITH YOU! FILTHY, STUPID BEASTS! BACK OFF, I SAY! HE'S NOT YOURS YET!

SO, MY FRIEND, YOU HAVE FAILED ME IN THE TASK I SET FOR YOU. ORION STILL RETAINS HIS MAGIC SWORD. I SUPPOSE YOU DID YOUR BEST... BUT CAPABLE KNAVES ARE SO HARD TO FIND THESE DAYS. AH, ME, YES. IT SEEMS I MUST DEAL WITH THIS OBSTREPEROUS RASCAL, ORION, MYSELF. I SHALL PERHAPS NEED TO EMPLOY ALL MY TALENTS FOR DEVIOUSNESS AND WICKEDNESS TO SEPARATE HIM FROM THE FABLED BLADE, THORBOLT... KEY TO POWER UNPARALLED!

AH, MY POOR UNWILLING PAWN, IN FAILING YOU HAVE ACTUALLY DONE ME A SERVICE. YES! A REAL CHALLENGE AT LAST! A TEST OF MY MAGNIFICENT MALEVOLENCE! MY MALIFICENT METTLE! BADNESS KNOWS, I WAS GETTING A BIT RUSTY. MY BLACK HEART OVERFLOWS WITH FORGIVENESS AND COMPASSION. I FREE YOU FROM THE ENSORCELLED WRISTLETS THAT BOUND YOUR WILL TO MINE AND LEAVE YOU TO REST... IN PEACE ... ETERNAL PEACE!!

...UP, UP AND AWAY, MY LOVELIES! AAA-A-HA-HA-HA-HAAAA!

MOUNTING ONE OF HIS PITCHY-PINIONED AVIANS, AND DIRECTING OTHERS TO SCOUT OUT ORION'S TRAIL, LAMONTHOS SOARS ALOFT, LEAVING THE REMAINDER TO RESUME THEIR GRISLY REPAST. AS THE UNGAINLY CREATURES CLOSE THEIR CIRCLE AROUND THE DARK WARRIOR AND ONE PREPARES TO DELIVER THE DEATH STROKE... HE STIRS!!


AMONTHOS AND HIS AIRBORNE BLOODHOUNDS SPOT THE TINY FIGURE OF ORION MAKING HIS WAY ACROSS THE BURNING SANDS.
AWAH! WELL DONE, MY PRETTIES! THERE HE IS!
NO, NO, MY DARLINGS, WE WON'T RISK GETTING CLOSE TO THAT TERRIBLE SWORD OF HIS. WHY SHOULD WE, WHEN WE CAN INVOKE THE VERY ELEMENTS THEMSELVES TO AID US?
A LITTLE SANDSTORM SHOULD SMOOTH DOWN THE ABRASIVE CHARACTER OF ORION NICELY, EH? OH, WIND... WIND... WIND
MUSTERING ALL HIS NECROMANCIC TALENTS, THE MAD MAGE CALLS UP A MIGHTY STORM OF SHRIEKING, HOWLING WIND AND SAND TO SCOUR AND ABRADE ORION TO DUST. DRIVEN BY BANSHEE GALES, HE STAGGERS THROUGH A MAELSTROM OF STINGING GRIT...

...TO FINALLY TAKE SHELTER UNDER THE LEATHERY LEAVES OF A STRANGE DESERT PLANT TO WAIT OUT THE STORM....
AFTER THE TEMPEST'S ABATEMENT LAMONTHOS' EAGLE EYES SEARCH THE LANDSCAPE TO HER QUARRY'S WHEREABOUTS....
CLUCKS! BOOBS! IF YOUR EYES FAIL, YOUR NOSES SHOULD TELL YOU WHERE HIS CARCASS IS, YOU NINNIES!
NO SIGN, NO TRACKS. HE COULDN'T HAVE HIDDEN ANYWHERE. HE MUST BE BURIED UNDER THE SAND. I CAN'T SIFT THE ENTIRE DESERT.
WHAT DO I DO NOW? WELL, DON'T JUST SIT THERE! DIG! HUNT! SEARCH--FETCH YOU CRETINS!! FIND HIM!
SO THAT'S WHAT A SILKWORM FEELS LIKE. NEXT TIME WE MEET, MAGICIAN, IT WILL BE ON MY TERMS!!
SOMETIME LATER, A SURPRISED LIZARD IS THE ONLY WITNESS TO THE APPARENTLY ACCELERATED UNFOLDING OF A NEW LEAF ON A NEARBY PLANT. ... ORION STEPS FORTH, LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WEAR.

NOW ORION MUST CONTEND WITH AN EVEN DEADLIER ENEMY THAN LAMONTHOS... THE MERCILESS, IMPLACABLE LAND OF BALIMODRA, ITSELF. IT'S WEAPONS ARE MORE INSIDIOUS THAN MERE CONJURINGS... THE BRAIN-BAKING, EYE-SEARING, BLISTERING DESERT HEAT....

RATIONS ARE GETTING LOW, WELL, ONE THING LESS TO CARRY WHEN THEY'RE GONE. BOOTS WEIGH A TON. I'LL CUT THEM INTO SANDALS.
...CARNIVOROUS FLORA...
GET LOOSE, YOU DAMNED CABBAGE, OR I'LL MAKE COLE SLAW OUT OF YOU!
...FLAME-SPEWING GEYSERS...
DAMN! BALIMODRA MUST BE ANOTHER NAME FOR HELL!
...THE NERVE-WRACKING VALLEY OF SIGHS... SANITY-SHREDDING SOUND... KEENING, ULULATING, WHISPERING, MOCKING...
IT'S JUST THE WIND BLOWING THROUGH HOLES IN THE ROCKS. BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE... WOMEN WAILING...

...AND MIRAGES... MIRAGES THAT ARE MORE THAN THEY SEEM....
FACES... LIGHTS.. COLORS... CITIES IN THE SKY! GUESS I'M CRACKING.... WATER'S ALL GONE 'N SO 'M I .....

THIRST-MADDENED, DRIVEN ON BY WILL ALONE, ORION TRAVELS UNTIL HE DROPS. THEN, TO HIS HEAT-SODDEN BRAIN COME STRANGE, HAUNTING VISIONS THAT SEEM TO BECKON, TO ENTICE...

EAGER NOW, ANTICIPATING, HE RISES AND STAGGERS ON TO... AN INLAND SEA... THE LEGENDARY **LOST SEA OF BALIMODRA**, A VAST EXPANSE OF - NOT WATER, BUT UNDULATING, WHISPERING, BILLOWING VAPOR.

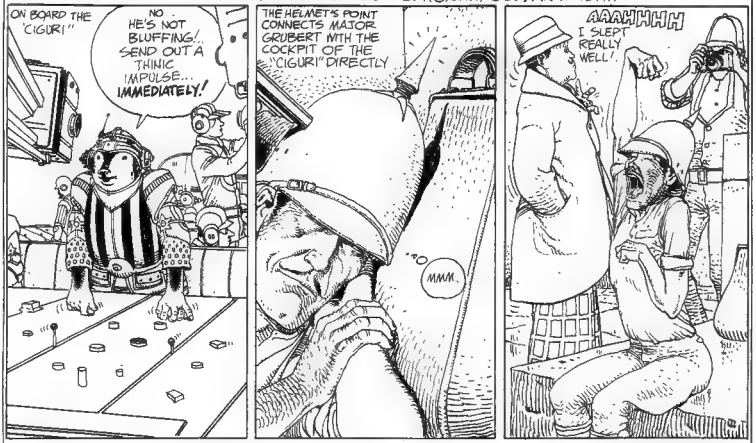
HE STUMBLES TOWARD THE PHANTASMS THAT MESMERIZE HIM AND INTO THE ROILING, MILKY GREY OPACITY OF THE LOST SEA - AND DISAPPEARS FROM SIGHT!!

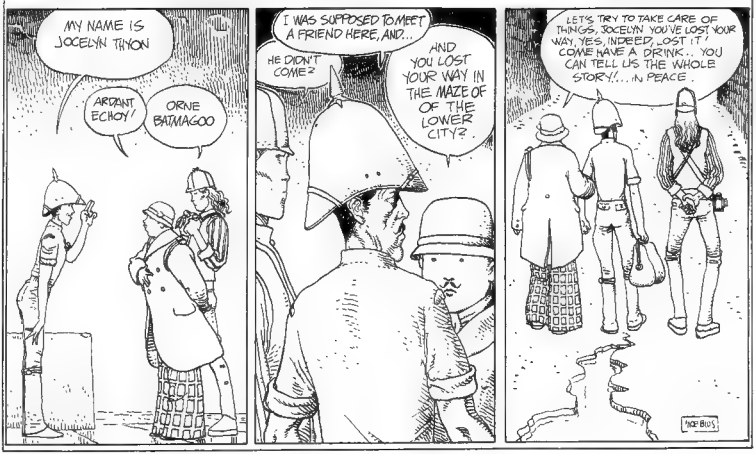
UPON RECOVERING CONSCIOUSNESS AND SIMULTANEOUSLY THE KNOWLEDGE OF HIS FREEDOM FROM LAMONTHOS' DOMINATION, MAMBA'S EYES FIX UPON A BLUR THAT RESOLVES ITSELF INTO THE BESTIAL COUNTENANCE OF A GREAT BAT-LIKE KITE ABOUT TO DEVOUR HIM.
THEN, EVEN AS HE STEELS HIMSELF FOR THE DEATH STROKE, THERE IS A STRIDENT SCREECH, AND.....
S-S-S-S-S-S-S!!
WILDLY PANICKED, HE STRUGGLES FROM BENEATH THE SHROUD-LIKE BRUTE CRUMPLED ATOP HIM AND REALIZES...
I'M SAVED! THE OTHERS ARE SCATTERING TO THE SKIES THANKS TO...
...OH, NO! MY GOD! I DON'T BELIEVE WHAT I'VE JUST BEEN RESCUED BY!

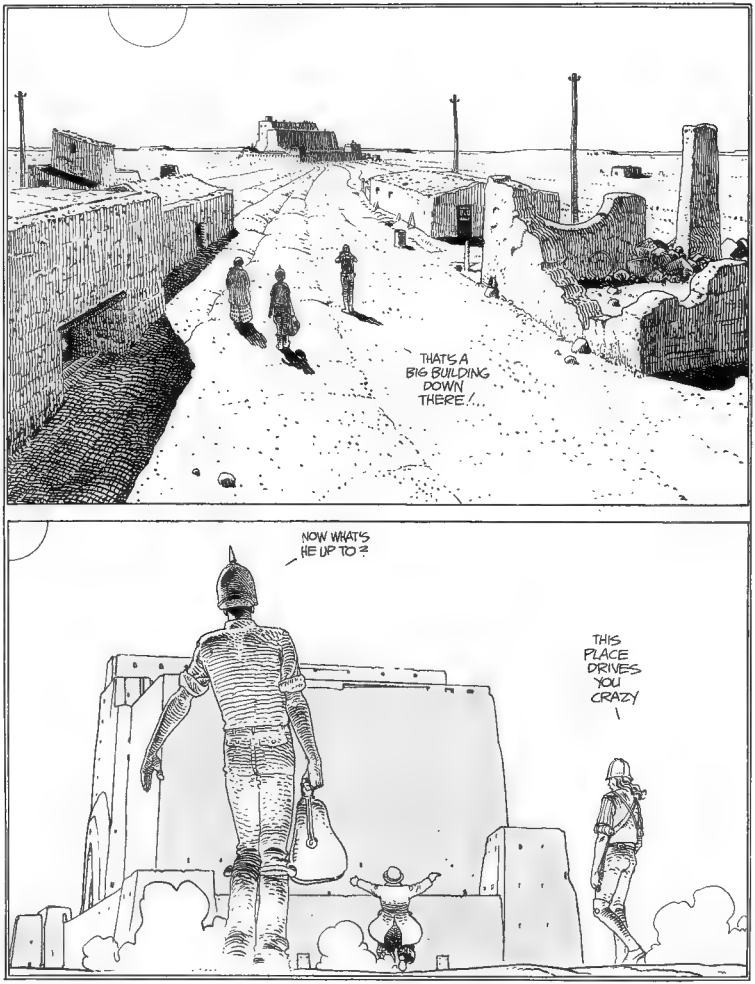
THE UPTIGHT GARBAGE OF MOEBIUS

BY JERRY CORNELIUS

SO FAR EDITOR: I GET THE IMPRESSION YOU LEAVE EVERYTHING TO CHANCE?! MOEBIUS AT FIRST, YES, BUT LATER. NOW, I HAVE IT ALL IN MY HEAD, UP TO PAGE 723.. EDITOR. MY GOD, AN EPIC!...

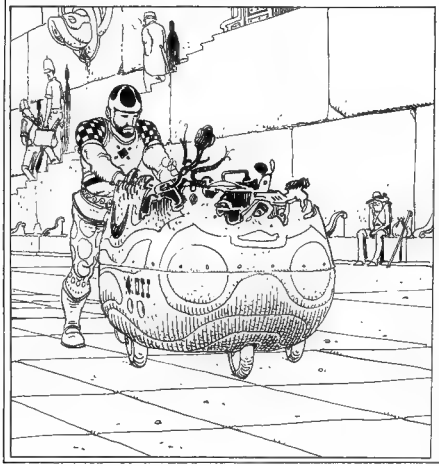

ON BOARD THE 'CIGURI'"
NO: HE'S NOT BLUFFING!.. SEND OUT A THINIC IMPULSE... IMMEDIATELY!
THE HELMET'S POINT CONNECTS MAJOR GRUBERT WITH THE COCKPIT OF THE "CIGURI" DIRECTLY
MMM.
AAAHHHH I SLEPT REALLY WELL!

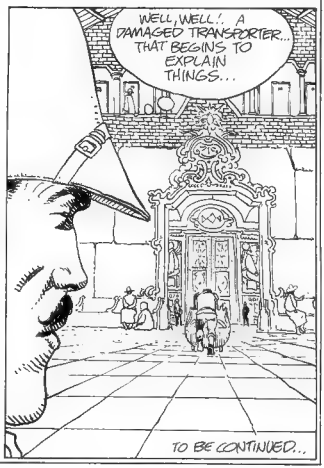

MY NAME IS JOCELYN THYON
ARDANT ECHOY
ORNE BATMAGOO
I WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET A FRIEND HERE, AND...
HE DIDN'T COME?
AND YOU LOST YOUR WAY IN THE MAZE OF OF THE LOWER CITY?
LET'S TRY TO TAKE CARE OF THINGS, JOCELYN. YOU'VE LOST YOUR WAY, YES, INDEED, LOST IT! COME HAVE A DRINK.. YOU CAN TELL US THE WHOLE STORY!... IN PEACE.
MOEBIUS


THAT'S A BIG BUILDING DOWN THERE!...
NOW WHAT'S HE UP TO?
THIS PLACE DRIVES YOU CRAZY!

I LIVE IN ARMOURTH WITH A GIRL WHO'S CRAZY ABOUT THE PICTURES WHICH COME OUT OF THIS LITTLE MACHINE OF MINE AT NIGHT.
CLICK
WELL WELL!!!
ALL THESE PICTURES WILL ENRICH MY COLLECTION..
THEN WHAT?..
IT'S AFTERNOON..THE'
ZING..
THE REST IS FOR TH
NEXT
AND UNREAL...
IT'S HIM...IT'S JOCELYN THYON..HE'S LOOKING FOR SOMEONE AND HE'S LOST HIS WAY IN THE MAZE OF THE LOWER CITY.. BUT WE THOUGHT, MY FRIEND AND ME, THAT WE'D BRING HIM HERE SO HE COULD GET A DRINK... HE'S LOST...LOST HIS WAY!...
CHICK!!

O.K.... YOU CAN PASS . BUT LET ME WARN YOU !... BE CAREFUL OF THE MAJOR'S SPIES... THEY'RE EVERYWHERE AND THEIR CRIMES LEAVE COUNTLESS VICTIMS..
SO...THEY'VE STILL GOT THEIR TELE-GUARDS...
LET THEM THROUGH, GUIDO. THEY'RE HARMLESS... BUT BE CAREFUL OF THAT PART ON THE HELMET
OK OK !

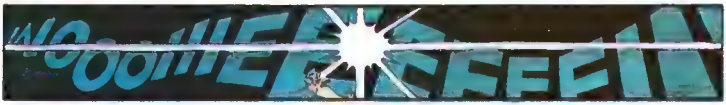



WELL, WELL !. A DAMAGED TRANSPORTER.. THAT BEGINS TO EXPLAIN THINGS...
TO BE CONTINUED...

Deadline. Another damn deadline. What amazes me most is that I haven't become a hack.

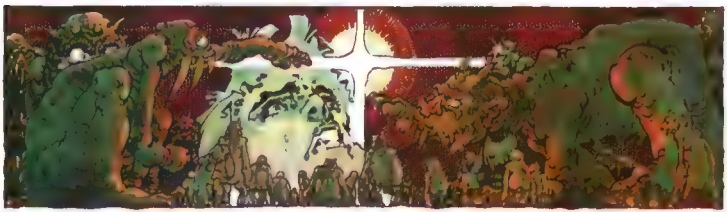
Pressure. The constant pressure. Keep those worlds coming. The weirder the better.

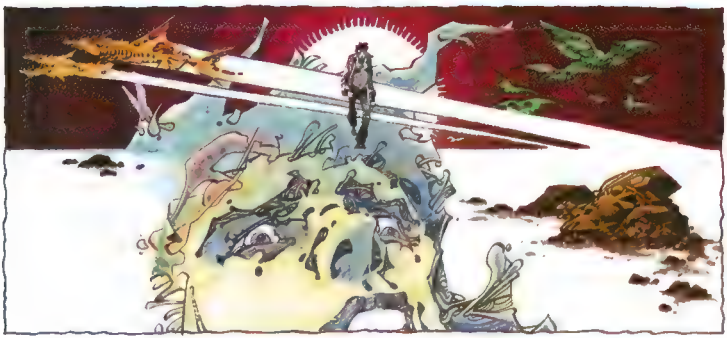
It gets worse every year. They always want something new. Bigger monsters. Stronger heroes.

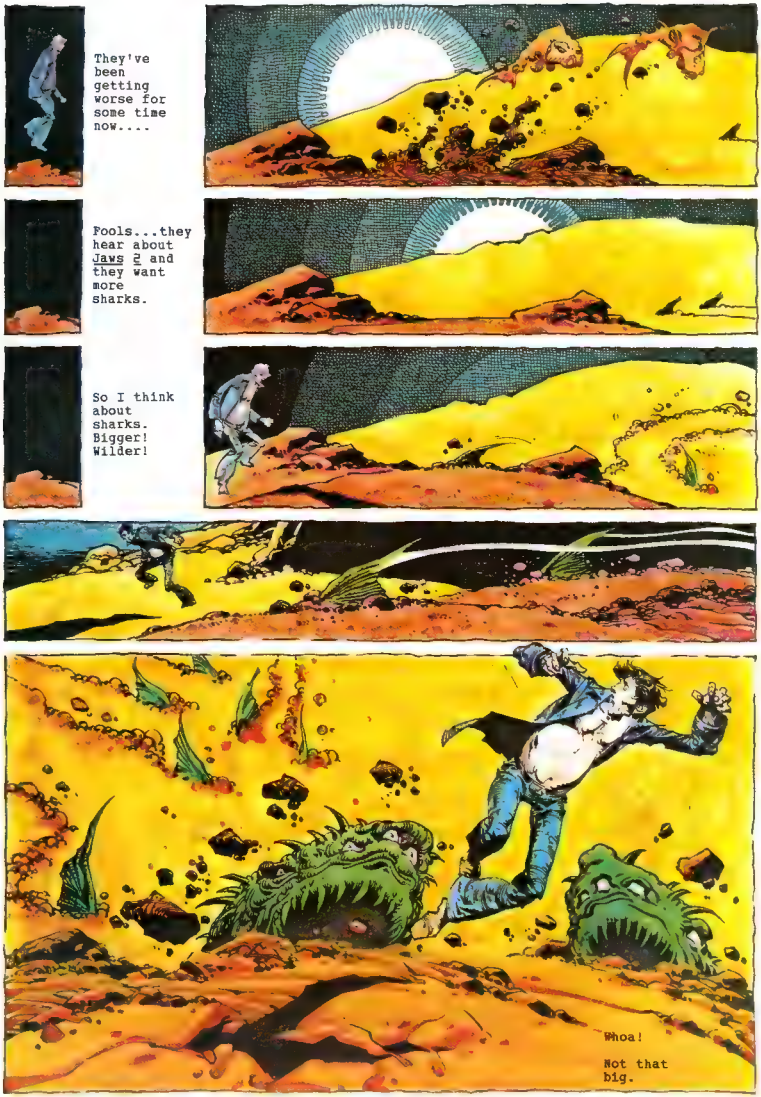


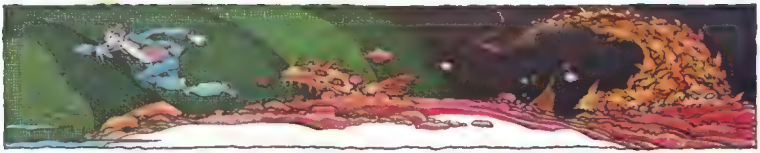
I dig deeper into my dreams. I feel it, you know...whatever I draw...I know I can stop it...I won't stop it. I live through my dreams. I escape.

TAP-DANCING ON A TENDER CEREBELLUM

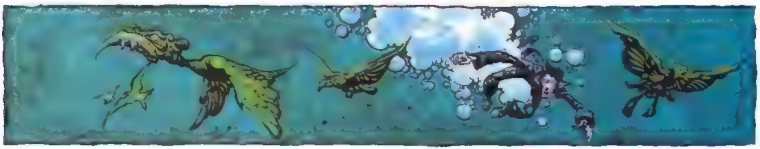





They've been getting worse for some time now.....
Fools...they hear about Jaws 2 and they want more sharks.
So I think about sharks. Bigger! Wilder!
Whoa!
Not that big.



Forget it. I'll do what I always do. Hand in the art right when they need it. Too late to change. Pisses them off.



Something really weird this time. An editorial cartoon by Roger Corman. I mean w-e-i-r-d.

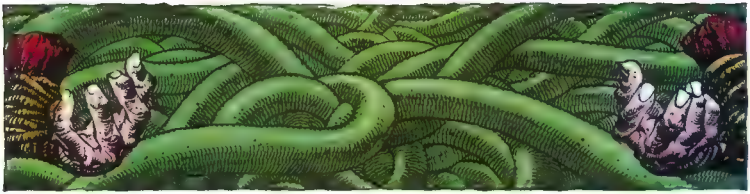
No...they're on to me. Gotta be something new or they won't buy it.
I've been here before... that moment when your mind races for the picture....
"You can do it, boy!" Deeper, something basic, scary, a thriller....
Give 'em one of those fancy styles...Moebius, Rackham, Kley....

Sure...a psychological thriller...cop Dali from Hitchcock...mix in a little World War II...sure...surreal events in an occupied town...man sees ancient soldier hiding in abandoned home..."Twilight Zone."

Now...what do they look like?
No! Did that before—
What?
No, not that way!
BIG LOUIE
US:

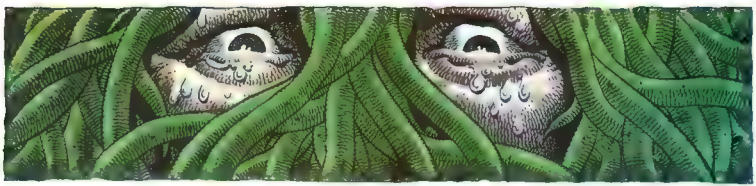
Damn deadline. Setting me off completely. Too much pressure. Mixing up the scenes!

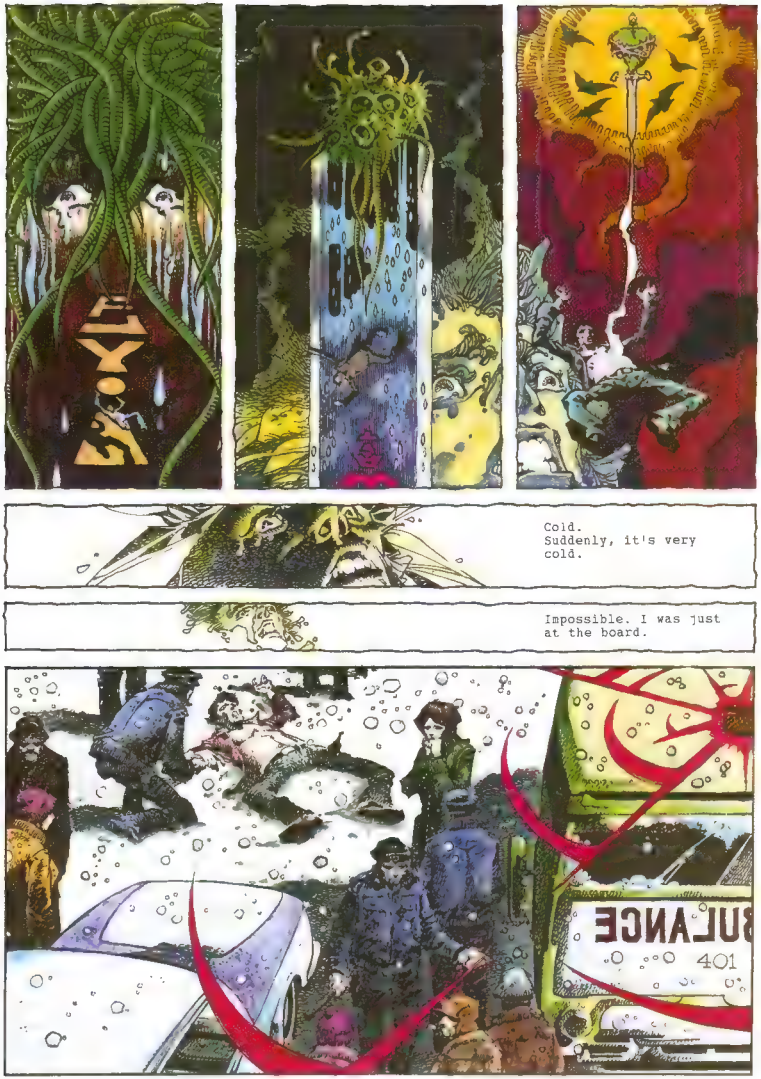
Too much coffee. That's it. Damn freeze-dried stuff! What's that? No! I didn't want any jungle queens!



Now wait a minute. I can't breathe. Too hot in here. Gotta open my eyes! My mouth! What? They're open? Impossible- I can't breathe!

What? Fly? I'm not going to fly! That's insane!

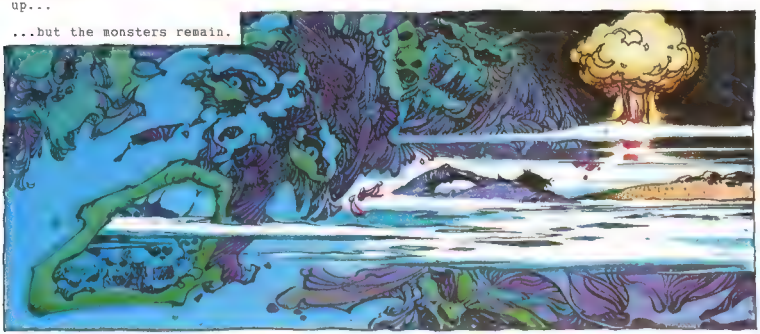



Cold.
Suddenly, it's very cold.
Impossible. I was just at the board.
401

Oh! Something grabbing me! The story! Now I have it. Monsters grabbing me. Taking me away. Attack of the monsters. Man chased by creatures who really aren't there.

Man runs...spends a fortune escaping them. He keeps running...spends another million...buys a Pacific atoll...thinks he can trap the monsters there. Then he has the Navy blow it up...

...but the monsters remain.

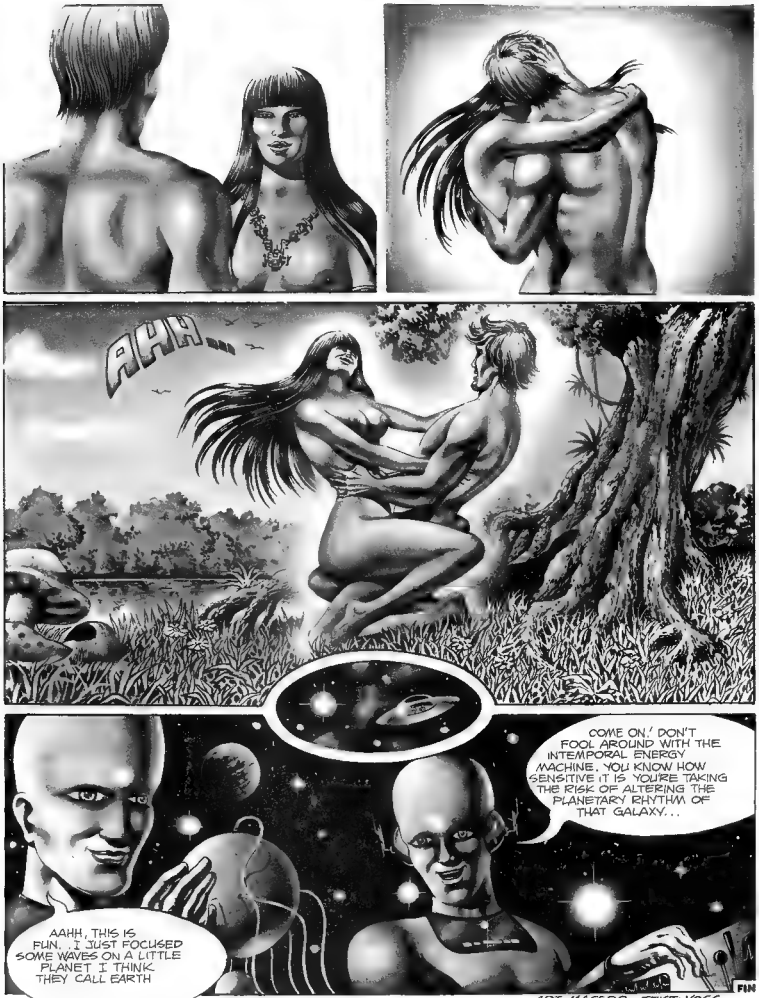


That's it!Exciting!Really visual! Now all I have to do is draw it and get it in the mail.

Ah. deadlines!Pressure! What amazes me most is that I haven't become a hack.

AN IMAGE
IT'S SO WARM... I'M GOING TO FEEL ABSOLUTELY TERRIFIC ONCE I'VE HAD SOME OF THIS GOOD, CLEAN WATER. AHHHH!
HEY, WHAT AM I SEEING HERE? THE SUN HAS OBVIOUSLY GOTTEN TO ME!!
!!

THE BEAUTY OF THIS VISION TOUCHES ME DEEPLY!! COULD IT BE AN HALLUCINATION OR...
!
?
I CAN'T RESIST THIS ATTRACTION I FEEL FOR HER!.. MAYBE A DIVE WILL MAKE THIS DISTURBING MIRAGE DISAPPEAR...
!?...
SPLOOSH!
!?
!?
ZAP!


AHH...
AAHH, THIS IS FUN. I JUST FOCUSED SOME WAVES ON A LITTLE PLANET I THINK THEY CALL EARTH
COME ON, DON'T FOOL AROUND WITH THE INTEMPORAL ENERGY MACHINE. YOU KNOW HOW SENSITIVE IT IS. YOU'RE TAKING THE RISK OF ALTERING THE PLANETARY RHYTHM OF THAT GALAXY...
FIN

ART MACEDO TEXT YOSS

MILLENIUM STARSHIP

Like a giant mountain served up on a platter, Serius Explorer Colony 6 speeds toward the galactic hub at .6 speed of light. Here it encounters a meteor shower, but three fields of magnetic flux protect the community of 200,000 citizens from destruction by any space body smaller than a planetoid. The colony lives in a facsimile of the home planet, its mountains and valleys providing all familiar climates, nourished by a sun projection (seen rising over the mountain).

Underneath the platform, a massive computer-controlled power plant commands trajectory, interspace communication, ecology, and sensors, freeing the populace to concentrate its energies on research, exploration, information storage, and tachyon transmission to the home planet, Eiwor, 114 light years away. The Serians are the only known civilization to have mastered tachyon communication, and 48 percent of the colony's power capacity is devoted to tachyon production. The explorer starships were designed to provide a lasting positive psychological environment for the colonists, who enjoy a multitude of environmental situations depending on one's location on its surface.

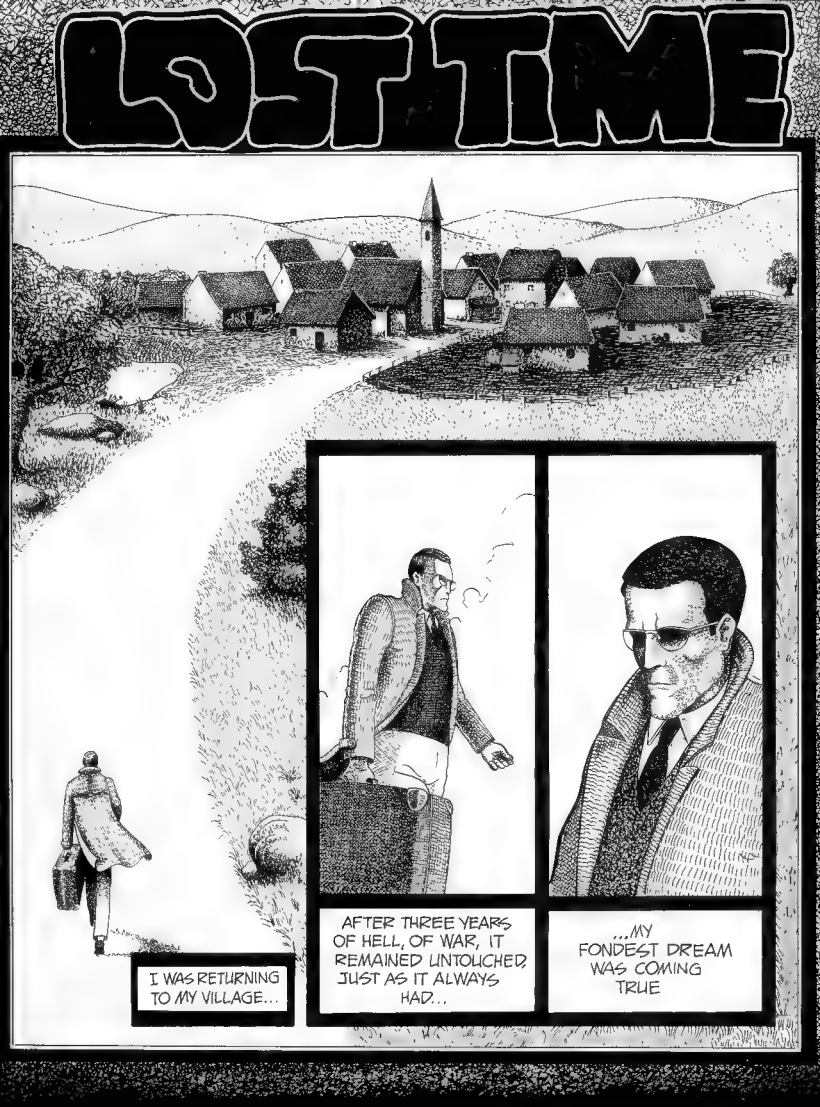
In the foreground, a shuttle vehicle (manufactured completely within Colony 6 from raw materials mined from the mountain) floats near a subspace sensor probe as the pilot levitates from the craft in an "ecomodule" to effect a last-minute program alteration.

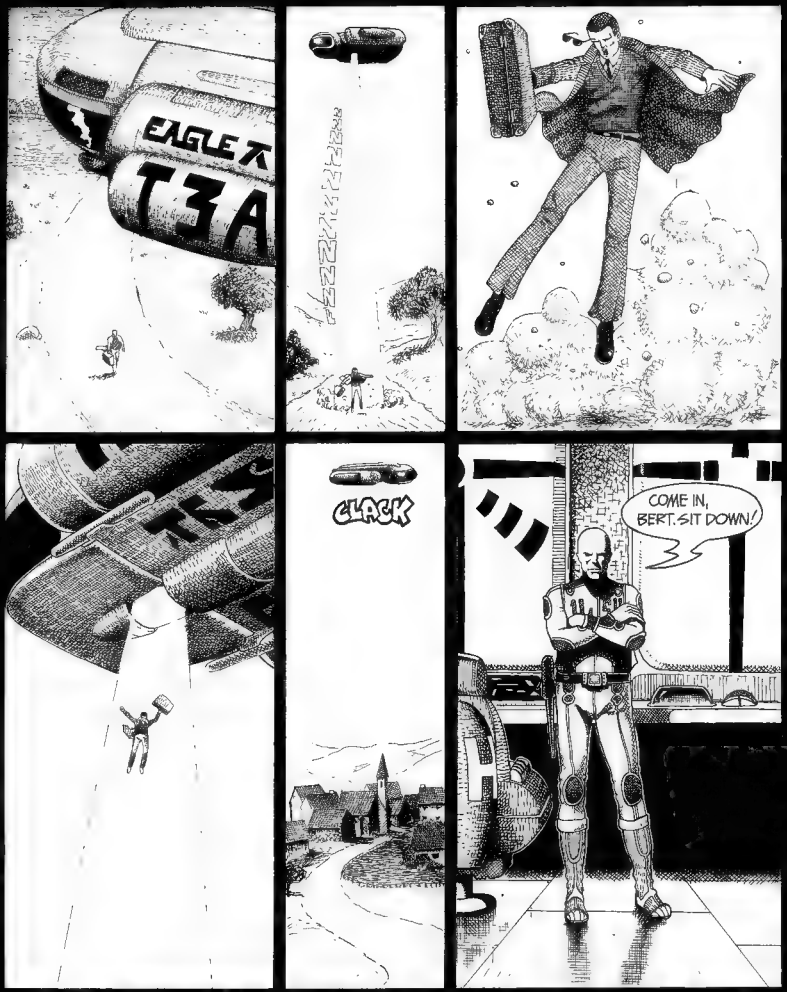
Now entering their third generation aboard a ship, there has been a change in the attitudes of the populace: they have come to regard the colony as their original home and feel little need to communicate with Eiwor, although contacts are routine and largely computer-programmed.

Federation intelligence has reported that Serius 3, an earlier version of the Starship series sent to explore a region of the galaxy containing black holes, has not sent a single report on its activities for three years, although its computer-controlled science info reports have continued without interruption. The Serians are typically mute on the matter, but appear to be studying the situation closely. They say that it was understood from the outset of the eight deep space missions that each unit would be independent and subject to its own governmental will.

From the *Stellar Journals of Karl B. Kofoed*

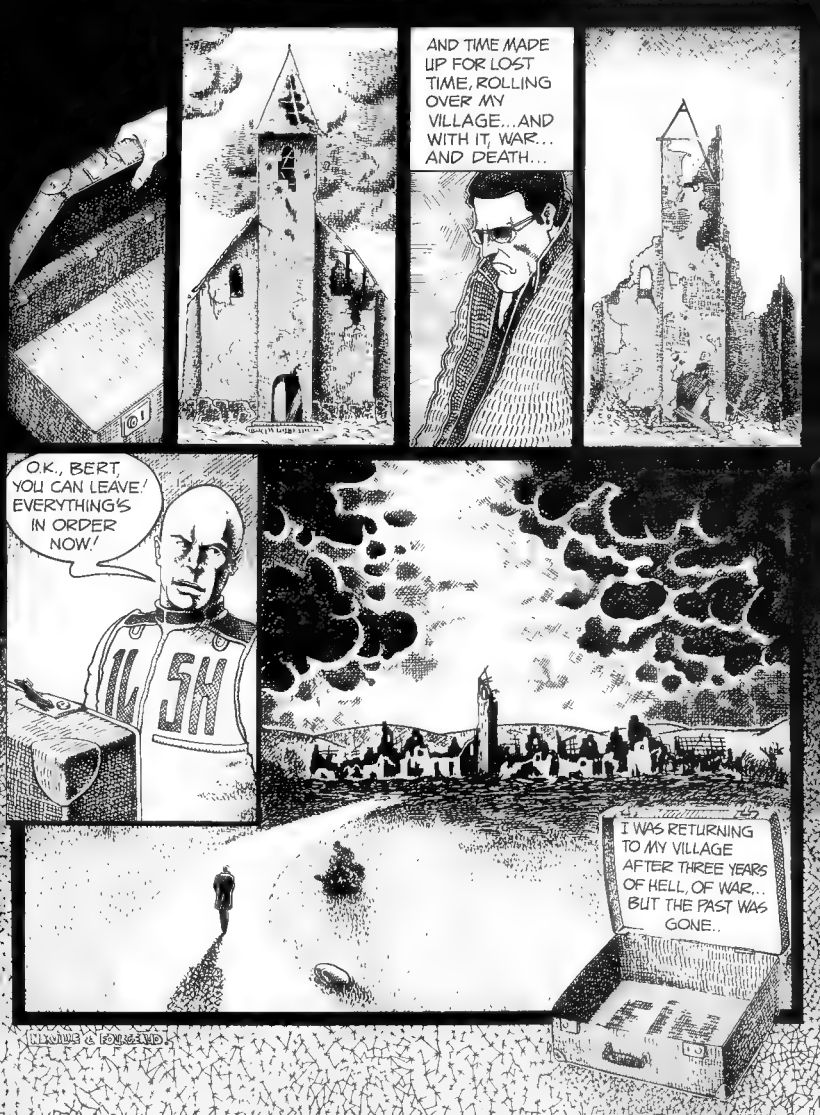
LOST TIME


I WAS RETURNING TO MY VILLAGE...
AFTER THREE YEARS OF HELL, OF WAR, IT REMAINED UNTOUCHED, JUST AS IT ALWAYS HAD...
...MY FONDEST DREAM WAS COMING TRUE


EAGLE
CLACK
COME IN, BERT. SIT DOWN!

WHAT KIND OF CIRCUS IS THIS?! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? ARE YOU GOING TO EXPLAIN WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT?
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO EXPLAIN!
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN PLOTTING, BERT? WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, EH?
THREE YEARS! THREE YEARS!! VANISHED, DISAPPEARED, GONE!!!
WHAT?!...
AND THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING, ISN'T IT?... AFTER YOUR VILLAGE...
WHAT NEXT?
DON'T TRY TO DENY IT! OUR EQUIPMENT HAS LOCALIZED YOU! IT IS YOU!

WHERE ARE YOU THINKING OF GOING NOW?
THE DETECTOR'S RESPONSE IS POSITIVE, SIR...HE HAS IT ON HIM...
ON HIM?! THE FOOL!
AAAHHH, SO! I SEE, THAT'S IT!!
ALL YOUR EFFORTS WILL COME TO NOTHING, BERT! WE'RE GOING TO PUT AN END TO THIS CHILDISHNESS OF YOURS!
GIVE ME YOUR SUITCASE!
NO, NOT MY SUITCASE!! YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT!
OPEN IT UP!
CLICK!


AND TIME MADE UP FOR LOST TIME, ROLLING OVER MY VILLAGE... AND WITH IT, WAR... AND DEATH...
O.K., BERT, YOU CAN LEAVE! EVERYTHING'S IN ORDER NOW!
I WAS RETURNING TO MY VILLAGE AFTER THREE YEARS OF HELL, OF WAR... BUT THE PAST WAS GONE..
FIN
HAVILAND & FOLLEREAU

continued from page 1

equality among men and women in "the real world" is far more important than whether or not Barbarella is running around with her shirt on

Julie Simmons, Managing Editor

Sirs

I have just read the January, 1978 issue, and may I say that "A Rose For Ecclesiastes" is perhaps the finest piece of prose art I have seen . kindest regards and praise for a job well done

Chris Bradshaw
Parksville, B.C., Canada

Dear Chris: And we all liked the little drawing on the bottom of your letter, too — Eds

Dear Messrs. Metal

More Druillet! He's your most morbid artist, sometimes disgustingly so, but also decidedly the best. Where's the rest of Gail from issue #2? How about some Druillet in your book series? I'd love to see the (pre-*WH*) Lone Sloane series.

There have been a fair number of striking stories—"Virgo," "Shells," "Orcyb"—but it seems that only Druillet and Moebius have done it more than once

As far as content goes, I'd like to see more humor. Moebius's "How Good Is Man," for example. I've seen a fair amount of humorous s/f fantasy in the undergrounds—Corben's, for example—so it can be done

Philip Michael Cohen
Aliquippa, Pa

Dear Phil: How kind of you to ask "Gail," part two, appears in our July issue, and parts 3, 4, etc., thereafter. And "Gail" actually stars Lone Sloane, as you shall see, so all your wishes come true. But we still depend on sufficient unintentional boffs in HM to make up our humor quotient.—Eds

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM = 1/APRIL, 1977. With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best selling fantasy novel: *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak, and more ($5.00)

HM = 2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet, Virgo the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, while Harzak, Sunpot and Den continue ($4.00)

HM = 3/JUNE, 1977. Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator Robert E. Howard with illustrations by Corben, Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shelis, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak. ($3.00)

HM = 4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga, The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo and the horrible Gold Queen ($3.00)

HM = 5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den continue all amidst talking plants, samurai, puppets, sex, and violence ($3.00)

HM = 6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic Aztecs, cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery, chemically-induced sanity, a Moebius space opera, more World Apart, Den and Polonius, plus a Roger Zelazny short story ($3.00)

HM = 7/OCTOBER, 1977: Packed with knights, ladies, jet pilots, insanity, reincarnation and other harlimess pastimes. 10 pages of color. Moebius the Airtight Garage, Den and Polonius *redux*, and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon ($3.00)

HM = 8/NOVEMBER, 1977. With nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, the conclusions of both Polonius and World Apart, expugs, intelelectual mollusks, birth and death stars, and a great new Harlan Ellison story—the heaviest *Heavy Metal* yet! ($3.00)

HM = 9/DECEMBER, 1977: This time, went up to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Druillet's anti-hero Vuzz, a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein, in addition to full-color contributions from regulars Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius ($3.00)

HM = 10/JANUARY, 1978: We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny, we got Lob and Pichard to update Ulysses, we got Meehan to do a *Heavy Metal* calendar girl, we concluded Conquering Armies, and continued Den. Of course you *knew* about the Incas, fog lights, and the time warp ($2.00)

HM = 11/FEBRUARY, 1978. Wherein begin the new adventures of Barbare, a naked to her enemies and nude to her friends, and of Urm the Fool in his quest for revenge. Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino. A trip to Venus, the Crusader and the Witch, and Moebius down the rabbit hole. With the usual unusual like Den ($2.00)

HM = 12/MARCH, 1978: In which we learn the evils of witch-hunts and the perils of witchcraft, the problems of mass transit, and the dangers of hitchhiking. Plus, the first swashbuckling episode of Orion. More Barbarella. More Urm. And still more Den ($2.00)

HM = 13/APRIL, 1978. Big deal first anniversary issue with 30-page insert from Paradise 9 by all concerned. Also amidst the king must die, death's duel and the undead, Barbarella gives birth. Oh, and the sexual acrobatic epilogue to Den ($2.00)

BEAUTIFUL VINYL BINDERS, white with black lettering and art, with metal separators to hold and protect your magazines. Each holds twelve issues of *Heavy Metal* ($5.50)

HEAVY METAL
Dept. HM 578 635 Madison Avenue New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	Price
_____	Apr., 1977	$5.00
_____	May, 1977	$4.00
_____	June, 1977	$3.00
_____	July, 1977	$3.00
_____	Aug., 1977	$3.00
_____	Sept., 1977	$3.00
_____	Oct., 1977	$3.00
_____	Nov., 1977	$3.00
_____	Dec., 1977	$3.00
_____	Jan., 1978	$2.00
_____	Feb. 1978	$2.00
_____	Mar., 1978	$2.00
_____	Apr. 1978	$2.00
_____	Binder	$5.50

I enclose a total of $ _____

This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling. All issues are mailed in protective covering

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

6 FROM

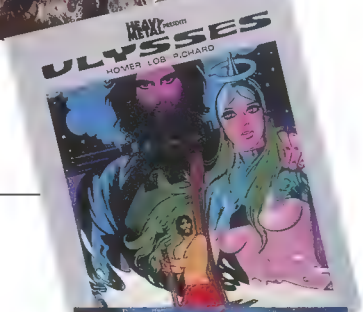
PSYCHOROCK: Five stories by Sergio Macedo that have made him a cult figure wherever people have seen the sky rip open and intergalactic bikers battle android overlords for the favors of goddess-groupies to the sound of punk rock. Sixty-four pages in black and white with a bizarre four-color cover. Large size 11" by 9". $3.95. HM4010

ARZACH: All four of the brilliant, full-color adventures of Moebius's pterodactyl-riding hero, acclaimed as works of genius when they appeared in the first issues of *Heavy Metal* magazine. Plus the amazing, animated story of the man who cracked the Cosmic Egg. Sixty-four pages including thirty-two of perhaps the most astounding color you will ever see on paper. $6.95. HM4011

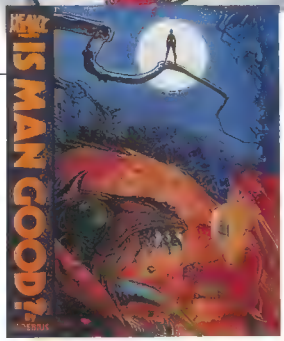
CANDICE AT SEA: A new comic heroine, in the great tradition of Barbarella, Phoebe Zeitgeist, and Modesty Blaise, Candice, who can't seem to find a thing to wear, is shanghaied, plundered, keelhauled, and otherwise entertained for sixty-four pages of nautical insanity in perhaps the sexiest black and white ever drawn. Heavy chrome coat cover. 9" by 11". $3.95. HM4012

HEAVY METAL

CONQUERING ARMIES: From *Heavy Metal* magazine, the dream epic of fierce horsemen who have never lost a battle and never won a war, who have always come and gone and who will always return. Script by *Metal Hurlant* editor Jean-Pierre Dionnet, with magnificently detailed black and white art by the mysterious Gal. Large size 9¾" x 13¼". $4.95. HM4013



ULYSSES, PART I: Art and text by Lob and Pichard (who brought you *Candice at Sea*), based on the story by Homer (who brought you the *Iliad*). The brave Ulysses pits his strength and wit against gods with the morals of movie producers and goddesses with the morals of movie starlets as he makes his way home across the universe. Certain to have been a classic. Full color 9" x 11". $6.95. HM4014



IS MAN GOOD?: From *Heavy Metal's* first year, the collected full-color Moebius, including the sixteen-page space-spy saga, "The Long Tomorrow," the beautiful "Ballade," the eerie "Small Universe," and the utterly grotesque title story. This fifty-six page book includes,all the covers, one-pagers, jokes, nightmares and endpapers done so far by Moebius, *Heavy Metal's* most acclaimed author-artist. Full-color illustrations throughout. 9" x 11". $5.95. HM4015

HEAVY METAL BOOKS, Dept HM578
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N Y 10022

Please send me the book bargains circled below

Please add 60¢ per title for postage and shipping charges

Enclosed find $ ..... Send check or money order only
Payable to HEAVY METAL BOOKS

Sales Tax For delivery in N.Y.C , add 8% For delivery elsewhere in New York State, add 6%

☐ HM4010 ☐ HM4011 ☐ HM4012
☐ HM4013 ☐ HM4014 ☐ HM4015

Name
(Please print)

Address

City..... State .. ..Zip

Illustration by Richard Olsen

OZONE

"The cheese stands alone,
The cheese stands alone,
Hi-ho the derry-o,
The cheese stands alone."
(Old song)

ALLEY

by Richard Raxlen, Jr.

The Cheese stood alone, leaning against the thin air that brushed through the palms that Halloween night, stood alone by choice, by design, on purpose; for the Cheese had a great mission, a message to carry to Harry Kipper, the shaved-head persona of evil incarnate. The Punk, a pin through his nose, kept his distance from the Cheese but held his ground. The Punk knew punks didn't care, but full of nervous pique poked holes in the sidewalk, waiting for the Cheese to move. Anything was better than this waiting, this braking of the strength the Punk felt surging through his acid-tipped muscles.

The Cheese turned and sniffed the air. He wished he were back in Montreux, beside the lake, watching the fat swans cuddle up to the bread-infested children. The California coast gave him the creeps; he wished he had a Saltine to munch but knew this was a job that had to be done on an empty stomach, with a clear mind and a boundless awareness of all the infinitesimal pitfalls. He glanced down his nose at the drug-crazed punk across the alley, watched him picking his acne with bitten fingers. He cursed himself for the karmic connection they had made though he sensed it was not his fault, it would soon be over, that night would see the last of this strange bedfellow, that much he promised himself, that much he truly knew. He felt the low scuffling clouds bead his brow with an ocean-grown dew as a skinny hippie searched the trash at the far end of the alley, moaning the literature of the night-trade, calling his bankbook, keeping score in a cracked voice, banishing the demon-black dog that nipped at his heels; a childhood full of built-ins and bungalow-sized hope.

He stood alone, at the end of Ozone Avenue, ruminating on the course the bald-headed Kipper Kid would take on the way to see his mother. The Cheese knew it like the back of his hand, knew Harry would head down Main Street with his dumpy walk wearing those dumb silver shoes, carrying with him the awful he had collected last night at the party, smelling of smegma and wilted tuna fish patties, wiping his white, splotched hands, the hands that oozed grease from the day he was hatched, wiping them on the gays and tourists as he passed the Blue Fin, past the glass shop with the blue-flashed mirrors, the Cheese knew Harry stopped there to stare at his ugly pudding puss in the cold blue neon glass. He could see the turkey now, he must be shaking his whiz-bang at all the lovely ladies, scraping and bowing, smelling of tuna fish and lonely women, holding the odorific future like a dim light in front of him, to guide, cheer, and guile him home to his hairy mother.

The Cheese crossed the alley, picked up the Punk, who had fallen on his flatulent face, and straightened the nose-ring while brushing

the soot from a thousand heels that stuck to the Punk's pitted cheeks Gotta rocket, gotta rocket, the Punk repeated ad nauseum The Cheese kicked the cat licking his mouse-stained boots and watched it sail through the air in a wry arch. He crossed the alley back of Ozone and walked down Dudley where it met Paloma. He looked left and right. No sign of Mr. Kipper yet He flagged a passing auto and punched out the passenger window for practice. had to keep fit, to be sharp. He melted back into the night. his square. bilious-colored form blending with the Casa Grande, a golden triplex on the corner. His pasteurized sinews twitched in anticipation: that oily fish Harry would be cut bait before daybreak. Gray dawn would find itself breaking over the grisly bend form of that scaly snake, lying boned and bare in the alleycat's path

Harry would be moving his fat-and-drippings ass slowly through the vacant lot, shuffling through the prickly weed. his leather skin impervious to pain or heat or cold. They used to call his mother Old Elephant Hide, and Harry had inherited the mutation—it was the boneyard for His Fatness, Mr Harry Kipper. hisself, oy-oy The Cheese felt for the grater in his pocket, tingled at the touch of its thousand razored edges, stood alone in the alley back of Ozone Avenue; he felt the damp wind ripple through the holes in his fedora, pasting back his silky black hair beneath the rhinestoned brim

He looked up to where the Punk had been rocking unsteadily a moment ago Nothing, not there; he crossed the alley and picked up the nosepin with some difficulty, his large rectangular body ripe with the decay of a million dead dreams, wrapped in the second-hand saran of smutty promises broken or unkept. Tomato-shaped women rolled before his burnished eyes; they called to him in unkempt voices, grieving, their lists of woes long and padded. He gazed at the silver-pointed ring for a long time, trying to remember who it had belonged to, he searched his memory banks, walked stiffly down the humidified corridors He emptied the drawers in his mind but only came up with a sheet of gold, prepasted stars and a thousand embossed cards that read "Punk's Don't Care". this ring had been the Punk's then He tossed them into a bag full of moldy open cat food cans

Where was that pudding-fish Mr Kipper, him with the sack full of awful and the yawns of a hundred smoky, bored, lonely women. A last fling? Perhaps Harry had halted along the way for a drink at the Circle Bar and was now holding out his Captain Billie whiz-bang to all comers. A bloody good time was had by all, the Cheese remembered reading after the Kipper Kids had staged their last gala. The press went ga-ga over so much gore. Women swooned. Men fought tooth and nail while waiting in line for their turn at the Big Man. Charlton Heston was heard walking about in his autographed sneakers Action. Hot and heavy. The Cheese had laughed but now he bit his lip for Harry and maybe Larry and who knows—even Mrs. Kipper had stolen Suzy Tacky and soiled her scrambled-egg brain. They had reached right into her pan with their greasy fish stick fingers and kneaded her cerebellum into mush, and had her, and had her, and had her, right where they wanted her, right where they needed her, and for Mr. Cheese. standing alone in the alley, that was enough –for Suzy Tacky had once been his. fur and all, frivolous and bare. So it was there he stood, shuddering in the dank October night, having planned the ultimate panacea, with pain, for smarmy Harry.

The Cheese remembered Suzy Tacky as she once was. his. his alone, to have and to hold. He remembered when her brain had been synchronized, before Harry and Larry Kipper had cut the connecting tissue, in one of their obscene operations, using a rusty hacksaw on poor Suzy's mind, sawing at it as if it were a window bar in a jail cell. thinking to gain their freedom and then their fame. while casting him as some lowlife guard. a flatfooted oaf with a stick and no feelings. They painted that picture on the poor girl's brain screen,they followed the fat kid, the Holiness Gi from India, who was presently wrestling with his mother and cousins over the family fortunes. They did it. they *did it*. Harry mostly. he did most the dirty work, the cutting, the sawing, the ragged job of sewing and patching after he had botched the job. quite a performance really, trying to implant a cunt with brains for a more intelligent afternoon's noodling. They wrote it in the *Enquirer* and the hungry public, avid for drippings, puked; the Cheese remembered her as she was, the long words she made in their Scrabble games, her refined sentiments, her devotion, compassion, her homogenized sense of good humor. her demure legs, hard belly, flaky wit, flashing blue eyes—they were saucers, as large as saucers, they grew wide in fear when he found her huddled on the boardwalk, clutching the remnants of herself, shaking, her head shaved and a jagged scar from her head to her once-furry piece of fluff—it had been early in the morning and the Cheese remembered he was on his way for bagels at the deli a considerable crowd had gathered by then: the ragmen and trashers had already been through her bag, the chickenhawks, the early morning joggers, bicycle enthusiasts, roller skaters, wharf rats, panhandlers, beach bums, backpackers, minstrels, ministers, and two men in mufti, all of them staring at once-long-ago Suzy Tacky She had been his, he had possessed her, locked in love; they had stocked their sexual pantry with a barrelful of monkeys and had preceded from there, point A, to demolish the boundaries built; together they destroyed, purified, and resurrected. Perhaps he had been too possessive, too positive in his approach; he had papered over a lot of her mistakes: she stood awkwardly,she burned the toast(she didn't do it the way he liked), she couldn't whistle or hum. perhaps he had put her on a pedestal, too high; he had overreached himself in placing her there, she was only a tall blond, a mere tomato (had been, that was over now). It all ended that morning when he found her in the midst of her first madness, a crowd of the curious gathered around her former self He had always been too possessive, the Cheese admitted to himself. He had been brought up on the farm, lonely, cold; he clung to warm patches, he loved good wine and fine conversation, a fire, the feline shadow of a woman across his bed; he loved the glow of candles and the scent of the night-blooming jasmine. the little horns of light the fog made 'neath the lamps on the boardwalk in summer

Need he whip himself into a frenzy of guilt and deprecation? Was he really the villain of this too-true scenario? He caught himself, held himself steady, went to the center of his being with an ancient technique he had learned from a master's messenger. He knew what he had to do– it was the right action, spontaneous. Poor Suzy Tacky He wondered where her pitiful shell was hanging out these days. The Punk had seen her in the parking lot of the Liquor Locker two days ago. She had been bumming spare change from the tourists in between bashing herself against the fire hydrant in a series of bizarre sexual advances. The Punk, not easily displeased, had turned head over heels in his rabbit-like haste to rid himself of the scene—having once been Suzy's fellow student at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, he had nurtured a finely developed sense of kinship with the former blazing-eyed beauty and it hurt not a little to see her as such: an unhinged wing flapping among the phone booths and newspaper boxes in the Liquor Locker parking lot. The Cheese felt it incumbent upon himself to keep the story of the operation Harry had performed in the empty gallery a handful of nights ago, a kind of undressed rehearsal for various critics and comrades, a caper with the Kipper Kids. with the Cheese's Suzy as the cutup he felt it incumbent upon himself to not tell the Punk of the unsuccess of the operation. Although he knew the Punk didn't care about anything, if there was anything he cared about, it was Suzy, and if he found out, if he discovered the Kipper Kids had attempted the first brain transplant, half-brain, rather,the left half—they had taken the left half and shoved it and left the right half to grope for the meaning of it all, left Suzy flailing for insertion before fire hydrants and beach boys; if the Punk found out, he might do something foolish to Harry, and the Cheese wanted Harry for himself.

The Cheese stood alone in the alley behind Ozone Avenue, hoping Harry Kipper would not be late, that he would keep his unknown date with the grater, that the Kipper Kid's fate would be signed and sealed in stainless steel. The damp ocean breeze flagged the jasmine, gathering the skirts of its night scent about the Cheese's knees; down the alley a dog strayed from can to can, splaying the contents across the dirty concrete; from the boardwalk came the low tones of a conga lament the drums talked of lost love, demons, and a night full of long knives. The Cheese whistled a

soft, fearful reply, hoping the sweat he felt blush through his hands meant that Harry was nearby. He tested the salt air for the smell of ripe tuna and mouse pee. Nothing. Yet he fancied he was not wrong in feeling the first fitful ripple of tightness in his gut belonged to a minute intuition that Harry was close now. He moved his soft, square body up against the shadow of the garage door and stood still as a cat, coiled and cool, thinking of the ragged scar along the length of Suzy's once bountiful body.

Harry studied the blackheads among the stubble that covered his fat face like crabgrass covers a swamp. He burped and farted and wiggled his false teeth loose; they were stale-smelling and green with the week's work. He had to go home to mother and his terrible twin Larry. He hated his brother naturally, from birth, hated the stumblebum's rush Larry made of every operation, hated the scar on his forehead where they had been joined, hated the headaches he got from hating so hard, hated his mother for holding up to him the mirror that had belonged to the surgeon-madman, his father, Karl Kipper, hung by his neck until dead, the murderer, the make-believe doctor, he hated the thick plates they used at dinner and the gritty soups and gruel his decrepit, cruel mother made him slurp. Harry felt for his whiz-bang in his pocket -he was sure it was getting shorter; he had taken to hanging a weight around the end of it, a fishing type of lead weight that he had bought at the tackle shop at the end of the pier one day when he was searching for bait to cut; he was not sure the weight was working—the constant jerking of it as he walked was a painful reminder of his diminishing manhood. He held it softly for a moment and prayed, then flushed the john and joined the revelers and merrymakers at the bar. The couples were busy pecking and cooing at one another; the loners gazed off into space in front of them filled with smoke and beer ads. Harry settled his fat behind onto a stool and drank down his draft, tipped his hat to the barkeep, and kept a steady pace till he got to the door where he paused, wondering which way to go; lately he had been taking the walk along the ocean on his way home, avoiding with a coward's eye Suzy's old address and the alley that the Cheese had been seen haunting lately. Not that he was afraid of the Cheese, with that ridiculous yellow ochre suit that he wore with those cardboard-soled shoes; he wasn't afraid, he knew he was alone, he knew the Cheese was a loner and a loser, outside of love and lucky, incredibly lucky to have had that luscious, now rotten tomato, and Harry wasn't sorry either, wasn't sorry for the operation-performance piece he had done on that lace-trimmed lady. Art, after all, was larger and more real than life,and what he had done was in the name of art—if not Art, then at least Science, but it must have been for Art's sake because after all, Harry and Larry were artists first of all and full of the life of artists, brimming to a rolling boil with the very densest sense of what it all meant, cocksure, naked before breakfast and in front of large number of enjoyably shocked affluent upper-middle-class arty-farty types. They loved the operations the Kipper Kids performed, they gasped to see small breasts made large and generous hearts turned to dry prunes before their very bugged eyes; it was better than "Baretta," that much they knew (you needn't have told them), and they loved what Harry had done to Suzy, went positively ga-ga over the announcement' The Kipper Kids Will Implant the First Cunt with Half a Brain. And they did, only they didn't get the laughs they expected and accepted, the laughs they needed, fed on, vultures, milktoast, vampires; no one laughed when they dragged Suzy off to the boardwalk or even smiled to think of her lapping the concrete, her tongue raw with the salt-caked footprints of a myriad of mothers pushing strollers; no one smiled at the bloody hands of Harry, famous Karl Kipper's son, the Siamese brother of Larry, whom Harry hated naturally, from birth, like his own self, little knowing that hate bound the subject to the object and little caring, because it was all Art or Science to Harry, and Harry wasn't afraid of the Cheese, who stood alone, neither Art nor Science by his side, in the shadows of the Casa Grande apartments, whistling softly to himself, waiting for his chance, his passion, like St Joan's, burning slowly at the stake inside him.

Fat Harry turned down Main and continued to Palace where he turned toward Pacific Coast Highway Road; he trundled along the glass-strewn sidewalk, scratching his stubble, clawing at the rubble in his mind for a solution to a problem he didn't know existed, careful to avoid the dogshit, keeping one eye out in the alleyways, fearing the sinewy arms of the shadows, cajoling one foot in front of the other. He should have gone by the ocean, he thought to himself, shifting his bag of awful from one hand to the other; not that he was afraid—fear was not in Harry's vocabulary, nor were the words guilt or love, freshman, penguin, sanguine, hockey, beriberi, relationship, personal, and a host of others starting mostly with *t* or *g*—it was just that as he walked down Pacific that night in late October, he had a sudden realization that he felt something last Saturday when he attempted to sew Suzy Tacky back together; it was a funny feeling, something like ..what was that word, he wondered? Something like remorse, the word named after the man who invented the code, he had seen the word once, on a wall in a barroom john—no, no, that was another word! What was the word he was trying to think of? Sexy? Had he felt sexy toward that poor botched girl? It started with an *s*: senile, no, that meant stupid old. Sensitive—that was the word he was looking for to describe his feeling. It was as if he wanted to kiss her, in front of all those critics; they would have booed, he would have kissed her then and there but they would have panned the show, they would have torn him apart on paper, saying he pandered to the lighter side of life, that he didn't take his art seriously, that he was turning to comedy for relief. God, he was tired of being a gladiator. He felt suddenly misunderstood—why couldn't he be sensitive, too, like the other stars of the art world, making little impressions of hearts and flowers on the foreheads of the hoi polloi,or singing duets with electric canaries in large groves of pseudo-mimosa trees? He was tired of hacking and stabbing his way to fame, his tool and trademark the dripping fat of a fire-scorched pig's head, tired of the blood and guts and his brother and mother egging him on, holding him up, keeping him level, drugged; he was fed up with the business of impersonating his famous father's operating procedure—he wasn't a doctor, he was a do-gooder. Why didn't anyone understand him. Harry Kipper, the kid with the calf's-glove touch.

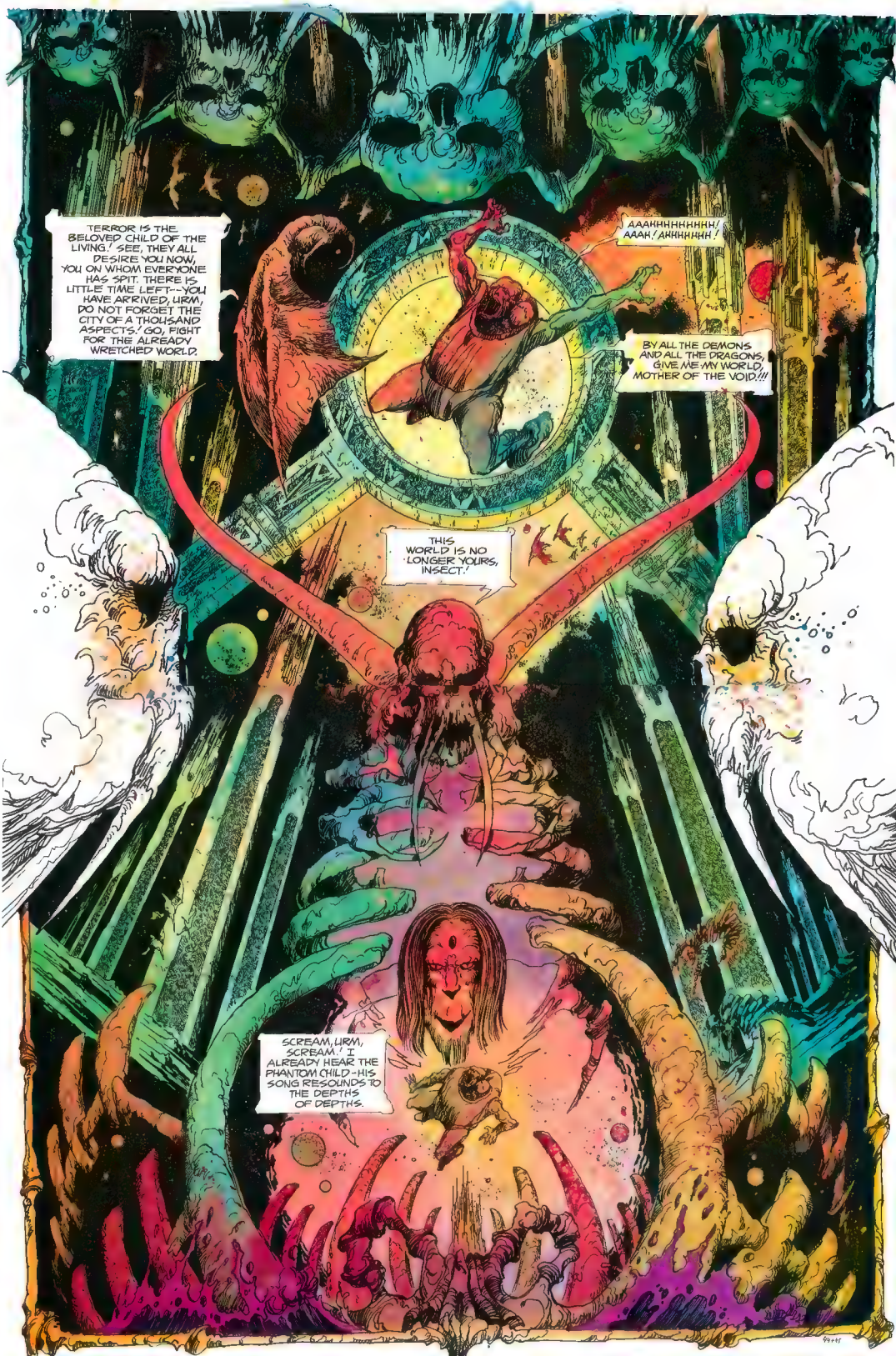
The Cheese was now certain he smelled that rat Harry Kipper, the ripper of his once-beautiful Suzy's brain from its pan. The might breeze was full of a rancid buzzing, the smell of tuna fish and smegma fouled the jasmine that had been tickling the Cheese's fancy a previous few moments ago; his gut tensed, his soft mold-encrusted arms turned to iron; feeling for the steel grater in his pocket full of holes, he jolted himself to a ramrod-stiff position and waited while the stench grew stronger, whistling a sensitive tune full of crisp recrimination silently to his lost love.

Harry Kipper continued, confident now that he had taken a turn for the better, he coaxed one sloppy silver shoe in front of the other and reminisced about his resolve to best the emotional peak he had reached last week when he had felt a satin kiss come to his ordinarily cold but then compassionate purple lips—he remembered the heady feeling as he took deadly aim at sewn-anew Suzy's askew mouth and how he had barely been able to control his hairy passion in front of all those smooth critic-like creatures. The memory lent credibility to the crabbiness Harry had been feeling of late in the presence of his gritty mother and brother, of late he had a certain complexion of unbridled boredom in their lowly presence, a kind of ruddy glow on his cheeks as he undressed in front of their meager fire, letting his dirty wares settle on the bearskin facsimile. He knew now that it was from his small black heart, shrunken head though it was, that this feeling sprung.

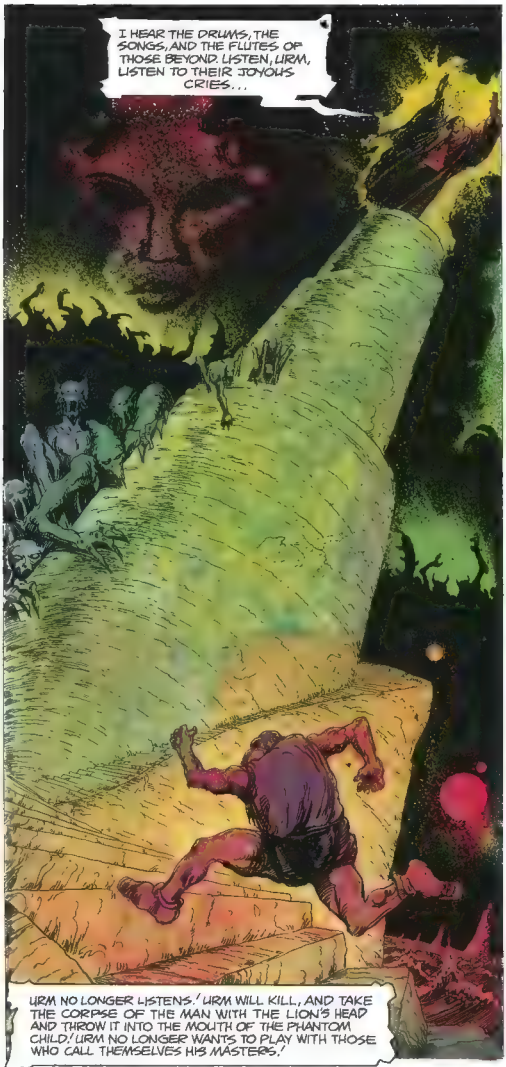
He lapsed into gentle waves of near bliss and hit the dog shit with his left silvered foot. The Cheese was on him in a flash, cutting his flesh to ribbons with the razor-sharp teeth of the stainless steel grater, working in silence, whipping a vengeful fury into Harry's thick skin, holding back only when the Kipper Kid lay lifeless, a pile of thin meat at his mouse-stained feet in the alley behind Ozone Avenue; there was hardly enough for the trashmen to trip on, so thoughtfully had the Cheese wielded his pent-up passion. He took a last quick look at the oily scum at his feet, then melted neatly into the various shades of the now-purified night, to repair to a cooler clime, to sleep, to rest, to rise in search of the remnants of his smooth life's love. He would rewind the coil of bright copper, the magnet, her mind. He would no longer stand alone.

URM
THE MAD
Philippe Druillet
WELL MIGHT YOU TREMBLE, CREATURE, YOU ARE ALL AND NOTHING AT ONCE, NOTHING IN THE PRESENCE OF THE POWERS WHO ARE PLAYING WITH YOU, NOTHING COMPARED TO THOSE BEYOND, BUT YOU ARE ALIVE AND HERE IN THE KINGDOM OF THE DEAD! YOUR LIFE IS AN INSULT...
THE KINGDOM OF THE DEAD?

THE BLACK CITY IS THE DWELLING PLACE OF THE DEAD..
WHAT !!
DEFEND YOUR LIFE, URM! THOSE BEYOND WANT TO USE YOU TO OPEN THE BOWELS OF THE CITY--THAT THE PHANTOM CHILD, MASTER OF THE INFINITE VOID, MIGHT RETURN AND GATHER ABOUT HIM ALL THE WORLDS OF OUR SPHERE. WHEN HE HAS DONE THAT, HE WILL EAT YOU!.. THE BLOOD OF YOUR FATHER RUNS IN YOUR VEINS--HE WAS ONE OF THEM, AND IT IS THAT WHICH ATTRACTS THEM...
WHAT'S TO BE DONE, MY LORD DRAGON?
COME...
WHAT AN APPALLING JOURNEY...

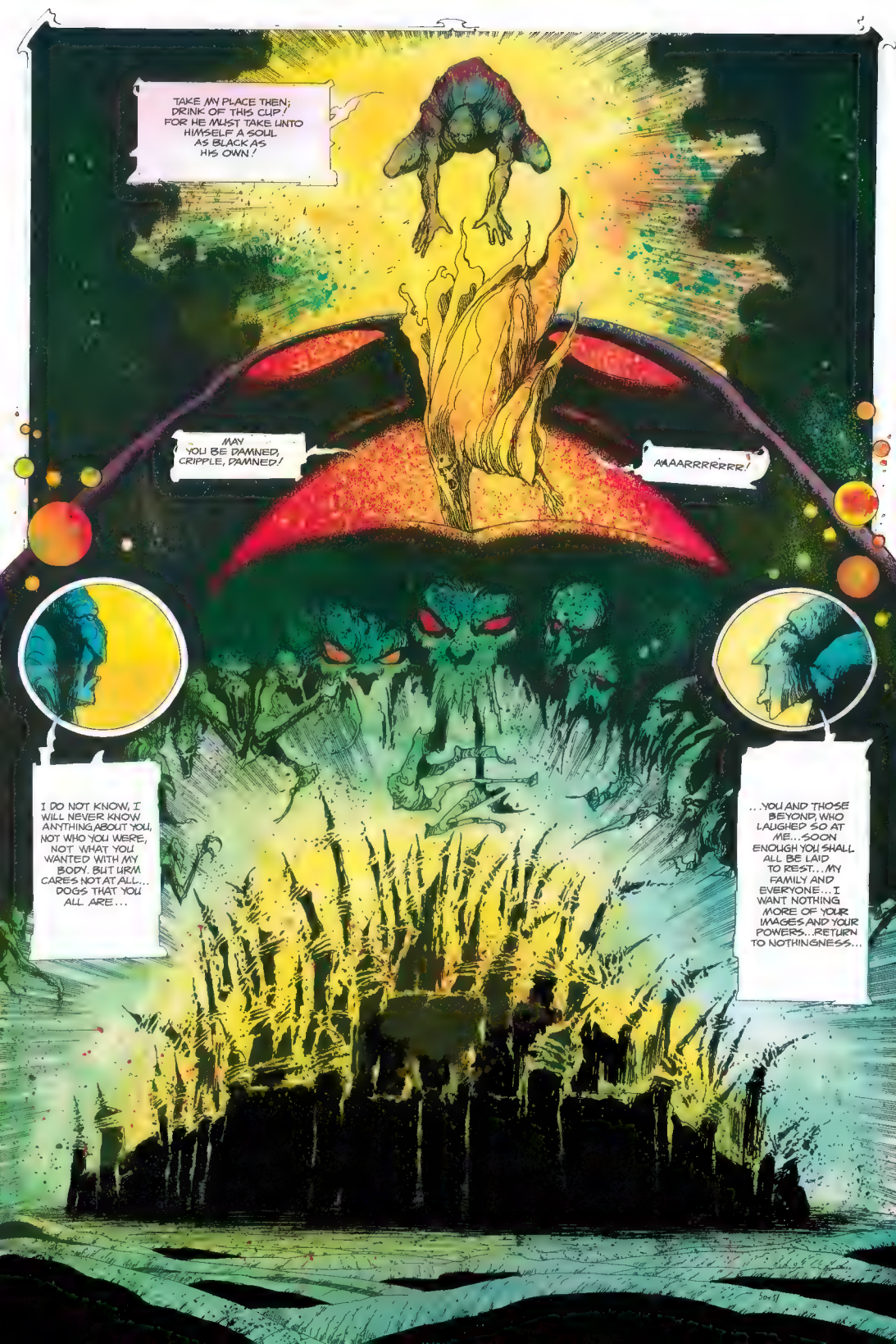

TERROR IS THE BELOVED CHILD OF THE LIVING. SEE, THEY ALL DESIRE YOU NOW, YOU ON WHOM EVERYONE HAS SPIT. THERE IS LITTLE TIME LEFT--YOU HAVE ARRIVED, URM, DO NOT FORGET THE CITY OF A THOUSAND ASPECTS. GO, FIGHT FOR THE ALREADY WRETCHED WORLD.
AAAHHHHHHHH! AAAH! AHHHHHH!
BY ALL THE DEMONS AND ALL THE DRAGONS, GIVE ME MY WORLD, MOTHER OF THE VOID!!!
THIS WORLD IS NO LONGER YOURS, INSECT.
SCREAM, URM, SCREAM. I ALREADY HEAR THE PHANTOM CHILD - HIS SONG RESOUNDS TO THE DEPTHS OF DEPTHS.

OPEN THE DOOR FOR ME, URM. I BESEECH YOU TO OPEN IT FOR ME... WITH YOUR BODY AND YOUR SOUL, OPEN IT...
DO YOU HEAR ME, URM? OPEN IT... AND YOU WILL LEAVE THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD...
YOU DISGUSTING CORPSES, YOU WHO PLAY WITH MEN -- ONE DAY WE WILL DANCE ON YOUR CARCASSES, YOU CURSED GODS! WE WANT YOU NO LONGER!


I HEAR THE DRUMS, THE SONGS, AND THE FLUTES OF THOSE BEYOND. LISTEN, URM, LISTEN TO THEIR JOYOUS CRIES...
URM NO LONGER LISTENS.' URM WILL KILL, AND TAKE THE CORPSE OF THE MAN WITH THE LION'S HEAD AND THROW IT INTO THE MOUTH OF THE PHANTOM CHILD.' URM NO LONGER WANTS TO PLAY WITH THOSE WHO CALL THEMSELVES HIS MASTERS.'

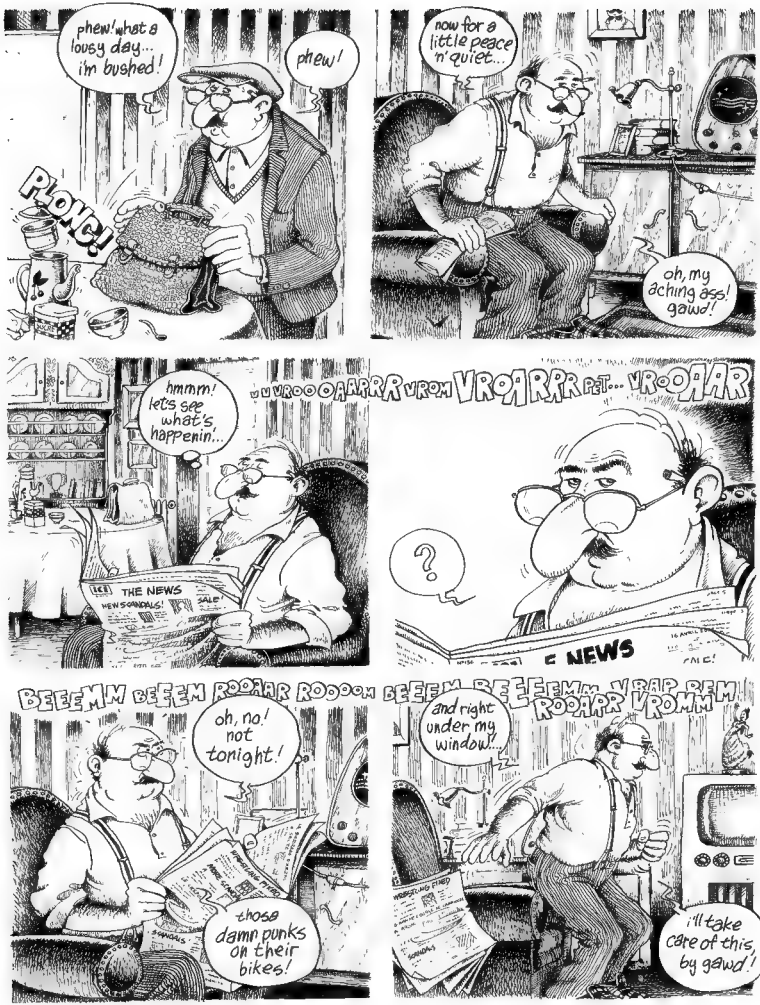
DO NOT APPROACH ME, URM. YOU WILL COMMIT NOTHING BUT A MEANINGLESS SACRIFICE BY DOING SO.' CURSED CREATURE! ATTEMPT NOTHING.'

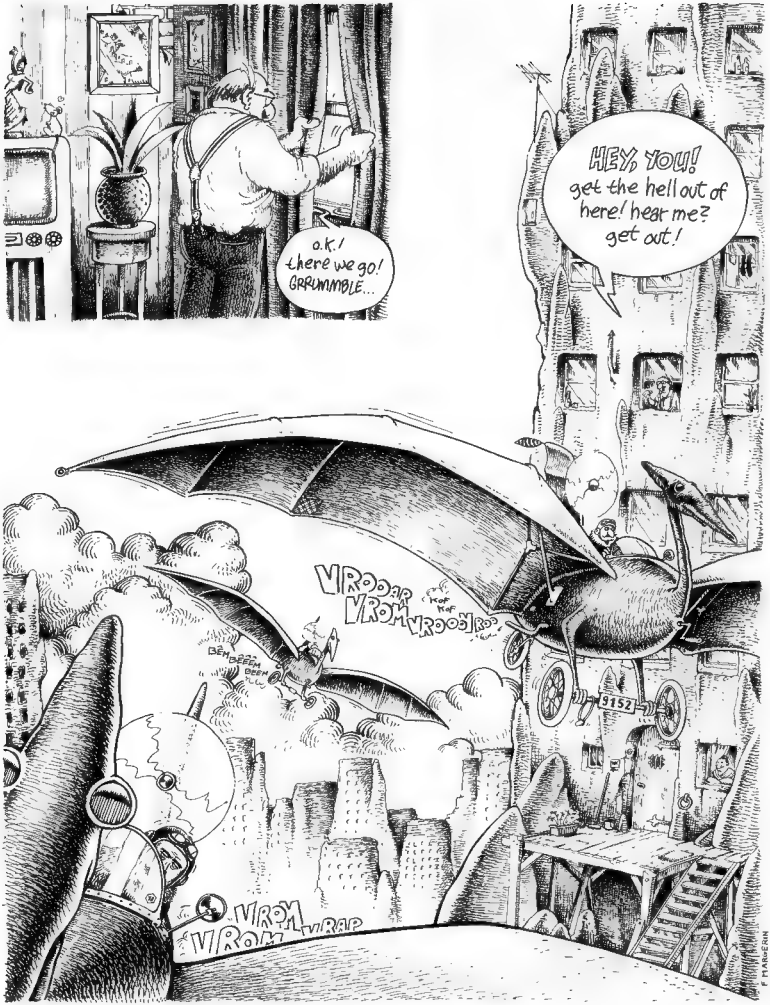
IT SEEMS THAT YOU ARE NOT JUST AN IMAGE, THEN.' HA HA! YOU TREMBLE. LIKE A LIVING MAN.'


TAKE MY PLACE THEN; DRINK OF THIS CUP! FOR HE MUST TAKE UNTO HIMSELF A SOUL AS BLACK AS HIS OWN!
MAY YOU BE DAMNED, CRIPPLE, DAMNED!
AAAARRRRRRR!
I DO NOT KNOW, I WILL NEVER KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT YOU, NOT WHO YOU WERE, NOT WHAT YOU WANTED WITH MY BODY. BUT URM CARES NOT AT ALL... DOGS THAT YOU ALL ARE...
...YOU AND THOSE BEYOND, WHO LAUGHED SO AT ME...SOON ENOUGH YOU SHALL ALL BE LAID TO REST...MY FAMILY AND EVERYONE...I WANT NOTHING MORE OF YOUR IMAGES AND YOUR POWERS...RETURN TO NOTHINGNESS...

YOU WON THIS TIME, BUT WE SHALL RETURN. AND WE SHALL ALWAYS BE BESIDE YOU AND AROUND YOU. WE WILL WALK FOREVER IN YOUR STEPS AND WATCH OVER YOUR SHADOW, AND ONE DAY ANOTHER, LIKE YOU, WILL COME AND OPEN THE DOOR FOR US, AS THE POET FORETOLD... "THERE IS NO DEATH BEYOND THE GATES ETERNAL, BUT BONES HENCE A STRANGER WILL COME, AND DEATH ITSELF SHALL DIE." FAREWELL, CRIPPLE, WE HAVE ALREADY FORGOTTEN YOUR NAME...
HERE I AM IN THE DESERT AGAIN... DREAMS AND MYSTERIES GONE...

BABY DRAGON, DO YOU COME FROM WHENCE I COME? URM'S WEARINESS IS GREAT..
AAAEEYYYYY!
AAAH! DRAGON VENOM! CURSES, YOU'VE KILLED ME!
FIN


phew! what a lousy day... i'm bushed!
phew!
PLONG!
now for a little peace 'n' quiet...
oh, my aching ass! gawd!
hmmm! let's see what's happenin'...
THE NEWS
NEWS SCANDALS!
SALE
VVVROOOOAARRRR VROM VROARRR PET... VROOAAR
?
NEWS
BEEEEMM BEEEEM ROOOAAR ROOOOM BEEEEM BEEEEMM VRAP BEEM ROOAAPR VROMMM
oh, no! not tonight!
and right under my window!...
those damn punks on their bikes!
i'll take care of this, by gawd!

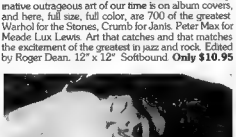

o.k.! there we go! GRRUMMBLE...
HEY, YOU! get the hell out of here! hear me? get out!
VROOOAP VROOM VROOOM
KOF KOF
BEHEEEEEEEM
9152
VROOM VROOM VROOM VRAP
F. MARMEIN

Great Gift Books of Fantasy Art

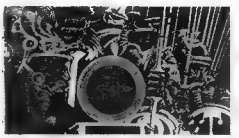
9103. ARIEL, THE BOOK OF FANTASY—Volume Two. The fanzine in a class by itself, beautifully designed and brilliantly edited, with full-color illustrations by Frazetta, Corben, and Jones, fiction by Moorcock, Ellison, Bradbury, and LeGuin, essays on Frodo and Frankenstein, wonderful photos, posters, comics, and interviews 8⅝" x 11" Softbound **Only $6.95**

9101. VIEWS. Already a runaway best seller in Europe and an underground sensation in America, *Views* is the collected record jacket paintings (for such groups as Gentle Giant, Osibisa, and Yes), the fantasy book covers, illustrations, posters, sketches, and psychedelic architectural designs of England's incredibly talented young artist, Roger Dean. 160 oversized pages, in brilliant color. 11⅞" x 12" Softbound. **Only $9.95**

9104. ALBUM COVER ALBUM. The most imaginative outrageous art of our time is on album covers, and here, full size, full color, are 700 of the greatest Warhol for the Stones, Crumb for Janis, Peter Max for Meade Lux Lewis. Art that catches and that matches the excitement of the greatest in jazz and rock. Edited by Roger Dean. 12" x 12" Softbound. **Only $10.95**



9106. Masterpieces of Sensual Art: GUSTAV KLIMT. Twenty-four posters printed in six colors. A glorious celebration of Klimt's genius for detail, design, and sensuality in these 24 posters, each ready for framing, and printed in six colors, including silver and gold. 11¼" x 15" Softbound **Only $5.95**



9110. LONE SLOANE/DELIRIUS. In one volume, two complete, sensational, illustrated fantasy epics by *Heavy Metal* author-artist Philippe Druillet. The adventures of the cosmic wanderer, Lone Sloane, as told in Druillet's inimitable surrealist illumination style, and the history of the world rightly called Delirius, its violent rise and terrible fall. 140 full color, breathtaking pages 8½" x 11" Softbound **Only $9.95**

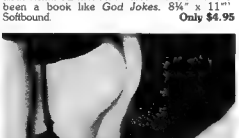
9109. BROTHERS OF THE DEAD by Brian Aldiss. Illustrations by Ian Pollock. Brian Aldiss's tale of two brothers, joined at birth from breastbone to hip—their rise to fame in the frenzied world of rock, their hatred for one another, their sexual involvements, and the malignant power that led to their grotesque end. The story is told by the rock promoter who exploited them, by Zak Bedderwick, who trained them—with a stun gun, by Laura Ashley, their lover; and by the twins' sister, who ties together their bizarre story. 10¼" x 10¼" Softbound. **Only $7.95**

9202. THE ILLUSTRATED ROGER ZELAZNY. A lavish fantasy book! the *first* authorized, illustrated collection of stories by award winning fantasy writer Roger Zelazny. Illustrated by *Heavy Metal* artist Greg Morrow, this stunning collection includes full-color versions of the classic *Rose for Ecclesiastes*, and magnificent giant murals based on Corwyn and the Amber worlds. Gargoyles, beautiful women, noble heroes, monsters, spacecraft and your basic strange alien worlds—over sixty pages of luscious color and three dozen fabulous black-and-white. 8½" x 11" Softbound. **Only $8.95**

9107. FRANK KELLY FREAS, THE ART OF SCIENCE FICTION. The master of science fiction art, acknowledged dean of science fiction illustrators, and winner of ten prestigious Hugo awards Frank Kelly Freas offers his first collection of award-winning paintings and drawings, with 35 full-color, full-page prints, over 40 additional color plates, and numerous black and white illustrations. For the serious art student and collector as well as the science fiction fan. Freas describes the evolution of his technique, his view of science fiction illustrations, and his personal approach to the art. 120 pages 8½" x 11" Softbound. **Only $7.95**

9102. MYTHOPOEIKON by Patrick Woodroffe. *Mythopoeikon* presents the paintings, etchings, book jacket, and record sleeve illustrations by one of the world's most popular fantasy/science fiction artists, with notes and commentary by the author. *Mythopoeikon* shows how Woodroffe has evolved a unique style, combining minute surface detail and texture with images that evoke a grotesque and startling fusion of the everyday and the bizarre. A brilliant visual experience—a book that will dazzle the eye and the mind of anyone who sees it. 8¼" x 11¾" Softbound. **Only $9.95**

9105. GOD JOKES—THE ART OF ABDUL MATI KLARWEIN. "Ecstasy," he explains, "is my frame of reference." Magnificent reproductions of 21 shimmering, shocking, super-real dream-vision paintings plus photographs of Abdul's mind-bending murals in Vienna's Ernst Fuchs Museum. There has never been a book like *God Jokes*. 8¼" x 11"" Softbound. **Only $4.95**



9108. WHITE WOMEN: THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF HELMUT NEWTON. The cold, brilliant eye of legendary French and American *Vogue* photographer Helmut Newton is focused, throughout this book, on phantasmagorical images of women-in settings opulent, bizarre, and intriguing. Designed by Bea Feitler and splendidly produced in Europe, this outsized volume includes 60 full-color plates, notes by the photographer and an introduction by Philippe Garner, photographic curator of Sotheby's of London. 9" x 12" Hardcover **Only $25.00**

HEAVY METAL BOOKS, Dept. HMS78
635 Madison Ave. New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the book bargains below

You must include 60¢ per title for shipping charges plus an additional 75¢ per title for deliveries outside continental U.S.

Enclosed find $_____. Send check or money order only. Payable to: Heavy Metal Books

Sales tax. For delivery in N.Y.C., add 8%. For delivery elsewhere in New York State, add 6%

9103	9110	9102
9101	9109	9105
9104	9202	9108
9106	9107	

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

YES, MA'AM...?
I WANT TO BUY A SMALL CLOCK--SOMETHING THAT HAS CLASS, STYLE, AND ELEGANCE, AND SOMETHING THAT WORKS!... AND NOTHING TOO WHIMSICAL...
CERTAINLY, MA'AM... HERE'S SOMETHING... THE BASE IS MARBLE...
TSK TSK! TOO SOPHISTICATED!... ANYTHING ELSE?
YES...ACTUALLY... WHAT ABOUT THIS NAPOLEON III WATER CLOCK?
NO! THIS ONE IN THE CORNER...SHOW ME THIS ONE!

A VERY NICE PIECE, MA'AM... IN GOOD TASTE...
OH NO! IT'S INDECENT!!
THESE... FIGURES ARE OF... BLACK PEOPLE! THERE ARE ALREADY TOO MANY OF THEM AROUND! I CERTAINLY DON'T WANT ANY IN MY HOUSE!
WELL, IF THAT'S ALL YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW ME...
I PUT ASIDE A UNIQUE PIECE WHICH SHOULD SUIT YOUR TASTES... HOW SHALL I SAY... TO A "T"! FOLLOW ME, PLEASE.
WAIT, MY DEAR LADY. I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR...
THE DAY THE CITY CROSSED THE THRESHOLD
TEXT: LE TENDRE
ART: BLANC-DUMONT

AFTER YOU!
I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING! PUT A LIGHT ON!
AT LAST! BUT... IT'S SO HOT?!?!
MAGUMA?

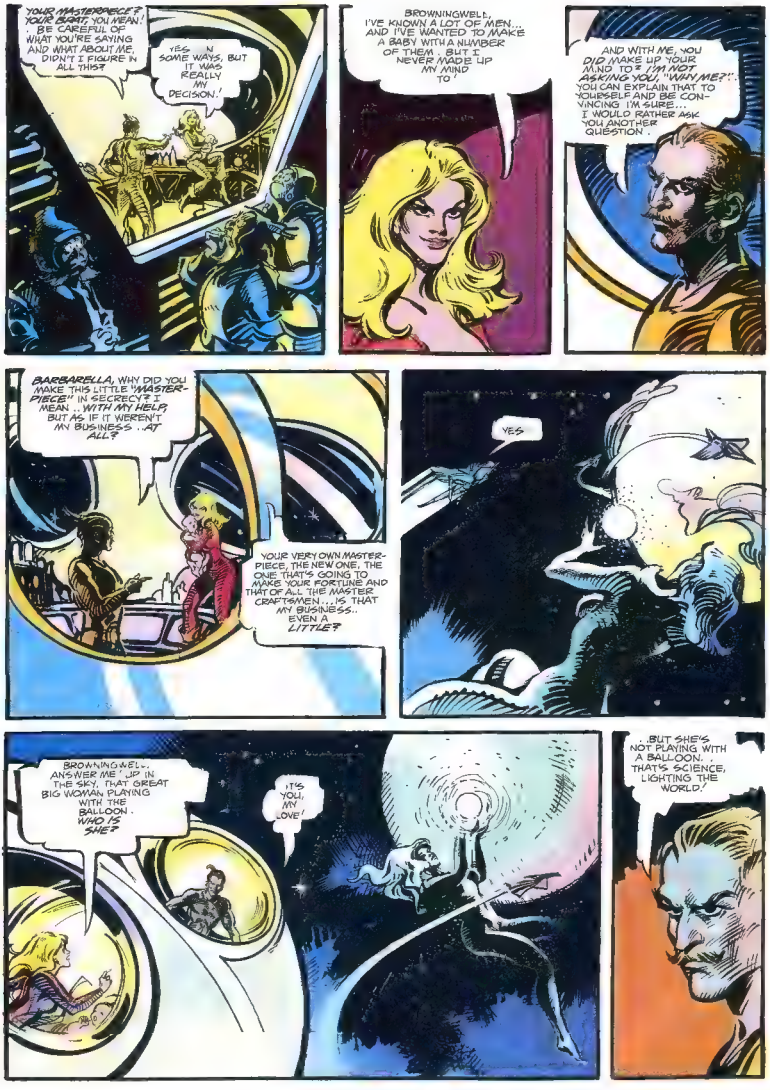
POLICE!
SO THIS IS THE KIDNAPPER!
WHERE'S SHE GONE? ANSWER ME! WHERE IS THE WOMAN?
LISTEN TO ME, MY GOOD MAN. MORE THAN FIFTY PEOPLE HAVE DISAPPEARED IN THIS DISTRICT! AND ALL THE CLUES LEAD TO THIS PLACE! TO YOUR SHOP! SO YOU CAN GIVE UP THE INNOCENT ACT! YOU'LL CONFESS, WON'T YOU?
THIS IS GOING TO COST YOU, POP! YOU'LL GET HARD LABOR FOR LIFE FOR WHITE SLAVE TRADING!! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE THE TIME TO SPEND YOUR PROFITS!
WHERE IS SHE? WHERE DID YOU STASH HER?
THE INSPECTOR'S RIGHT! YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! WOMEN ARE MOTHERS! THE MOTHER IS THE FAMILY! THE FAMILY IS THE COUNTRY!... THE COUNTRY IS SACRED! SO THE WOMAN IS SACRED, TOO! NEVER FORGET IT! YOU DON'T TOUCH WOMEN!
SO! WHERE IS SHE?
OPEN THAT DOOR! WHAT'RE YOU HIDING BEHIND IT?
THE LAST TIME I SAW HER... SHE...
I'M NOT HIDING ANYTHING ...IT'S JUST A STOREROOM.
GOOD GOD, MIKE, I DON'T LIKE THIS! I SMELL A TRAP!
DON'T TRY TO RUN AWAY! YOU'RE STICKING WITH US, MISTER!
A STOREROOM FOR WHAT PRECISELY? ...ARMS? DRUGS? OR MAYBE WOMEN?
OH, NOTHING MUCH REALLY!
4

EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON YOU ...ON YOU
MIKE! HER HAT! HER VOICE!! SHE'S... A GONER!?
DON'T MOVE! JUST GET SOME LIGHT!...
MIKE!! WHAT'S HAPPENING? HAVE I GONE CRAZY OR WHAT?
MAMICHOO! THEY'VE WOKEN UP!!
COME! IT'S TIME TO BE BURPED NOW!
NO! NOT THAT!
AAHHH!
HE'S DISAPPEARED! WHERE'S THE GODDAMN DOOR?
HEY!?
NOOOOO!!
BANG
WHAT AN IMAGINATION THEY HAVE!
MOVE! COME ON, LET'S GO NOW!!!
PENDULES
5

ALREADY...
WHAT A CURIOUS CIVILIZATION!... WELL, WELL! MY MISSION'S COMPLETED. THE COUNTDOWN BEGINS... NOW I MUST BE...
OPEN UP!
HE'S KILLED THEM!
LOOK! HE'S GETTING AWAY!
STOP MURDERER!
...GOING
QUICK! THE DOOR!
THE BASTARD!!
SMASH DOWN THE DAMN DOOR!
CHIEF! HE'S SHUT HIMSELF BEHIND THE DOOR!
THE KILLER'S BEHIND IT!
BOM BOM
BAM SMASH!!
THAT'S IT! WE GOT Y....?
AND ON THAT DAY... IT WAS DREADFUL!...
MEZIANC DJAKOUT 77 ©
el LEZEMORE

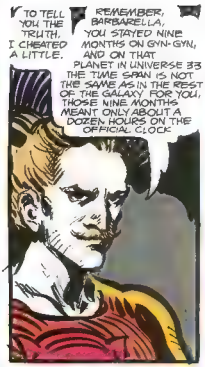
BARBARELLA

A BABY! AND WHAT'S MORE, THIS BABY IS MINE... I MEAN OURS..
YES, YOURS AND MINE. THE SON OF BROWNINGSWELL, GURU, FREEDOM FIGHTER AND CRAFTY FOX, AND BARBARELLA, WHO CAME FROM ANOTHER SPACE AND ANOTHER TIME..
NEVER... I'M NEVER GOING TO BELIEVE A STORY LIKE THAT!
DO WHATEVER YOU WANT. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST
THE REST... YOU MEAN HIM?
BY ALL THOUSAND GALAXIES IT'S TOO SIMPLE!
YOU USED YOUR TRICKS TO STEAL MY PRECIOUS FLUIDS! THE HERITAGE OF MY BLOOD AND THE BLOOD OF MY ANCESTORS, AND WITH ONE WORD YOU'D STEAL MY CHILD FROM ME... YOU WANT ME TO GIVE HIM UP... YOU WANT TO KEEP HIM FOR YOURSELF WHEN HE BELONGS TO BOTH OF US AND WHEN HE'S A RESULT OF OUR LOVE... I MUST BE DREAMING!
YES, WE MUST BE DREAMING!
STOP, BROWNINGSWELL! THIS CONVERSATION SEEMS... IT SEEMS TO ME THAT WE ARE BEING RIDICULOUS!..
WHAT ELSE COULD WE BE?
I DON'T KNOW... BUT THE THINGS YOU'RE SAYING, THE THINGS I'M SAYING AREN'T RIGHT. IT'S AS IF SOMEONE HAD TAKEN OUR PLACE...
SOMEONE INSIDE SOMEONE WITH A REPTILE'S MIND, WRITING OUR DIALOGUE MAKING US ACT LIKE PUNCH AND JUDY.
YES, YOU BET. IT'S THE SOUL OF HOLY SNAKE THAT'S GOTTEN US INTO THIS SITUATION!
TELL ME, BROWNINGSWELL, WHY DID YOU SEND ME OUT THE DOOR OF YOUR WORKSHOP? WHY ALL THE SECRECY ABOUT YOUR MASTERPIECE? I CAN'T STAND ALL THIS MYSTERY, THIS UNDERHANDED BEHAVIOR AND SACRED SECRETS!
IT'S ALL YOUR MASTERPIECE'S FAULT
THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH
THE MASTERPIECE THAT'S YOUR WHOLE LIFE AND YOUR COMRADES' WHOLE LIVES... IT'S MAN'S LIFE AND FOR MEN ONLY!
BELIEVE ME, BROWNINGSWELL, IT'S NOT TYPICAL OF ME... BUT I ALMOST CAME DOWN WITH A HATRED FOR GUYS THE WAY YOU CATCH THE MARTIAN SMALLPOX. AND TO KEEP SOMETHING THAT DISGUSTING FROM HAPPENING TO ME IT SEEMED I HAD TO MAKE SOMETHING, TOO
ME, TOO
MY MASTERPIECE. MINE!
AH-HE-AH-HA!


YOUR MASTERPIECE? YOUR BOAT? YOU MEAN! BE CAREFUL OF WHAT YOU'RE SAYING AND WHAT ABOUT ME, DIDN'T I FIGURE IN ALL THIS?
YES ... IN SOME WAYS, BUT IT WAS REALLY MY DECISION!
BROWNINGWELL, I'VE KNOWN A LOT OF MEN... AND I'VE WANTED TO MAKE A BABY WITH A NUMBER OF THEM ... BUT I NEVER MADE UP MY MIND TO!
AND WITH ME, YOU DID MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO? I'M NOT ASKING YOU, "WHY ME?" YOU CAN EXPLAIN THAT TO YOURSELF AND BE CONVINCING I'M SURE... I WOULD RATHER ASK YOU ANOTHER QUESTION
BARBARELLA, WHY DID YOU MAKE THIS LITTLE "MASTERPIECE" IN SECRECY? I MEAN ... WITH MY HELP, BUT AS IF IT WEREN'T MY BUSINESS ... AT ALL?
YOUR VERY OWN MASTERPIECE, THE NEW ONE, THE ONE THAT'S GOING TO MAKE YOUR FORTUNE AND THAT OF ALL THE MASTER CRAFTSMEN ... IS THAT MY BUSINESS.. EVEN A LITTLE?
YES
BROWNINGWELL.. ANSWER ME ! UP IN THE SKY, THAT GREAT BIG WOMAN PLAYING WITH THE BALLOON. WHO IS SHE?
IT'S YOU, MY LOVE!
..BUT SHE'S NOT PLAYING WITH A BALLOON.. THAT'S SCIENCE, LIGHTING THE WORLD!

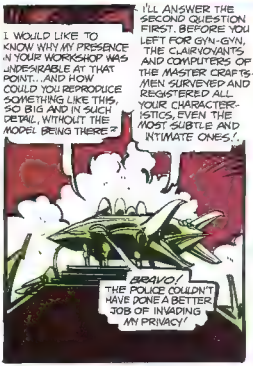
THAT'S ME! THAT GREAT BIG GIRL MADE OF WOOD? YOU'VE GOT A NERVE! MAKING A THING LIKE THAT!
THAT CONSTRUCTION IS MY NEW MASTERPIECE!
HOW DARE YOU MAKE IT LIKE THAT... WITH ME ON MY BACK...
WELL...! HOW DID WE GET INTO THIS SITUATION, YOU AND ME?.. WE MAKE OUR MASTER-PIECES ON OUR BACKS, ALL RIGHT?
A BOY CHILD! A BOY CHILD! BUT WHAT NAME SHALL WE GIVE? THIS SEVENTH WONDER OF THE WORLD WHO'S JUST BEGUN TO LIVE?
BROWNINGBAR AND BARBINGWELL BOTH SOUND A LITTLE LAME... LET'S CALL HIM AFTER FOXES! LITTLE FOXY, IS HIS NAME!
OUR BROWNINGWELL, GURU AND FREEDOM FIGHTER, IS A COURAGEOUS, CLEVER, AND INSPIRED COMRADE, AND CERTAINLY THE BEST-WORKING CRAFTSMAN IN THE COSMOS. HIS MASTERPIECE IS GOING TO GIVE US A REAL CHANCE TO GET THE BETTER OF OUR ADVERSARIES... BUT I MUST SAY...
YOU MUST SAY THAT HE'S A NAIVE SIMPLETON WHEN IT COMES TO WOMEN...
WHILE HE WAS WORKING ON THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE UNIVERSE, SOMEONE WAS ON HER BACK WITH HIM, MAKING THE SEVENTH WONDER OF THE WORLD
HMMM! THERE'S SOMETHING RIDICULOUS ABOUT COMPARING THE INCOMPARABLE... IN ANY CASE, THE SITUATION IS RIDICULOUS..
EVIDENTLY, BROWNINGWELL IS SO SENTIMENTAL THAT HE COULDN'T HIDE THE FACT FROM HER THAT HIS NEW MASTERPIECE WAS MADE IN HER IMAGE... ANYWAY, SHE COULDN'T HELP BUT SEE IT FOR HERSELF ON ARRIVING ON WILLIAM IX... ORBITING AS IT IS AROUND THE PLANET!
BUT THEN, TO OPEN THE DOORS OF HIS WORKSHOP TO HER!
A SECRET SO FANTASTIC CONFIDED TO THE EYES OF THAT CREATURE!
THAT CRAB IS MY NEW WORKSHOP!.. THAT'S WHERE YOU WERE CONCEIVED, PUT TOGETHER PIECE BY PIECE AND ASSEMBLED BEFORE BEING REPRODUCED IN SPACE, THANKS TO THE THINGAMIBOB TRANSFER PRINCIPLE!

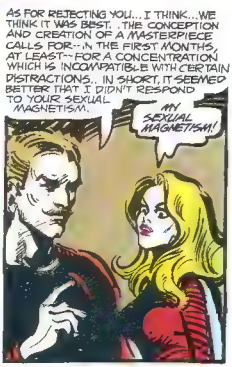
THE MASTERPIECE IN YOUR IMAGE DOESN'T SEEM VERY FAR ADVANCED--BUT IT WILL TAKE THREE OR FOUR MORE YEARS OF WORK TO COMPLETE IT.
AND NINE MONTHS WAS ENOUGH TIME TO MAKE THAT? YOU MUSTN'T HAVE HAD TOO MUCH TIME LEFT FOR CHASING GIRLS!

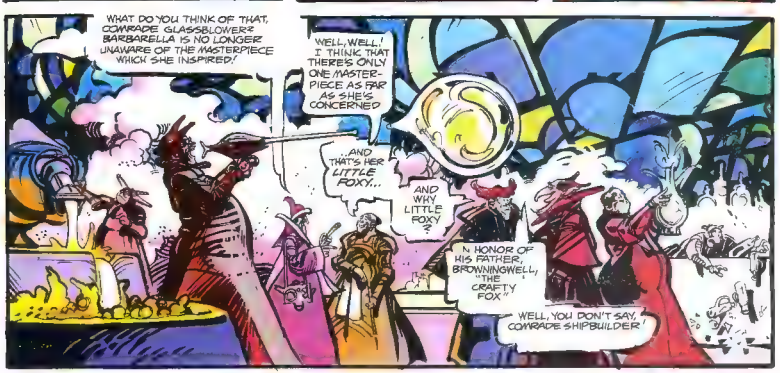

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I CHEATED A LITTLE.
REMEMBER, BARBARELLA, YOU STAYED NINE MONTHS ON GYN-GYN, AND ON THAT PLANET IN UNIVERSE 33 THE TIME SPAN IS NOT THE SAME AS IN THE REST OF THE GALAXY FOR YOU, THOSE NINE MONTHS MEANT ONLY ABOUT A DOZEN HOURS ON THE OFFICIAL CLOCK

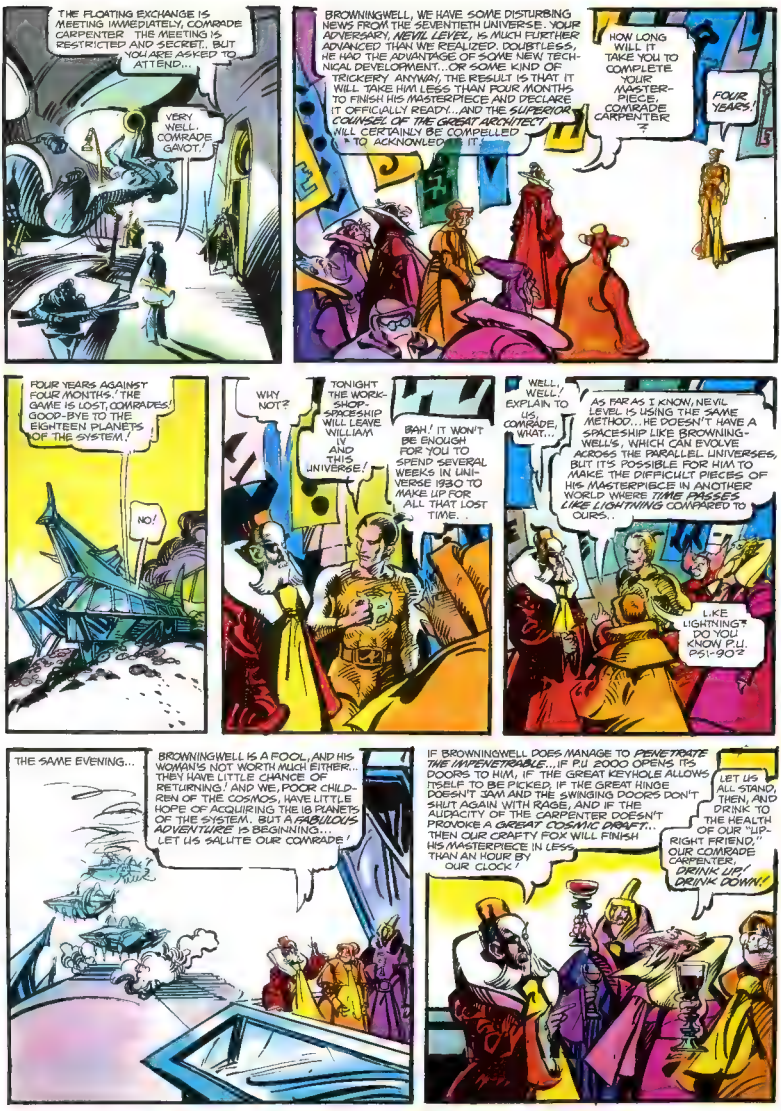
SO I, TOO, TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE FACT THAT TIME DOESN'T FOLLOW THE SAME RHYTHM THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE...ON P.U. 1930, YOUR NINE MONTHS AND TWELVE HOURS WERE TWO LONG YEARS FOR ME, MY SPACESHIP AND CREW. DO YOU UNDERSTAND NOW?
YES... I GUESS IT'S NO USE ASKING HOW MANY GIRLS YOU KNEW IN THOSE TWO YEARS...

YOUR MASTERPIECE IS VERY FLATTERING--MADE WITH MY SHAPE, IN PRECIOUS WOOD, FERAPLUM, AND EXOTIC BAKELITE ! BUT THAT WON'T STOP ME FROM ASKING QUESTIONS!
SO?


I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHY MY PRESENCE IN YOUR WORKSHOP WAS UNDESIRABLE AT THAT POINT...AND HOW COULD YOU REPRODUCE SOMETHING LIKE THIS, SO BIG AND IN SUCH DETAIL, WITHOUT THE MODEL BEING THERE?
I'LL ANSWER THE SECOND QUESTION FIRST. BEFORE YOU LEFT FOR GYN-GYN, THE CLAIRVOYANTS AND COMPUTERS OF THE MASTER CRAFTSMEN SURVEYED AND REGISTERED ALL YOUR CHARACTERISTICS, EVEN THE MOST SUBTLE AND INTIMATE ONES.
BRAVO! THE POLICE COULDN'T HAVE DONE A BETTER JOB OF INVADING MY PRIVACY!

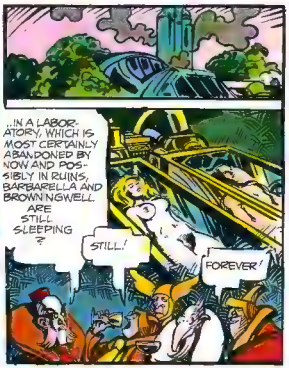

AS FOR REJECTING YOU... I THINK...WE THINK IT WAS BEST. THE CONCEPTION AND CREATION OF A MASTERPIECE CALLS FOR--IN THE FIRST MONTHS, AT LEAST--FOR A CONCENTRATION WHICH IS INCOMPATIBLE WITH CERTAIN DISTRACTIONS. IN SHORT, IT SEEMED BETTER THAT I DIDN'T RESPOND TO YOUR SEXUAL MAGNETISM...
MY SEXUAL MAGNETISM!

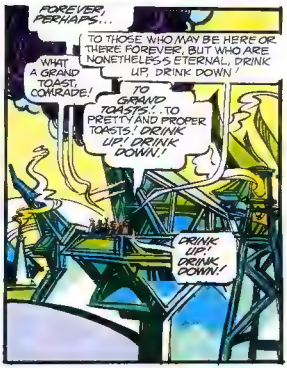

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, COMRADE GLASSBLOWER? BARBARELLA IS NO LONGER UNAWARE OF THE MASTERPIECE WHICH SHE INSPIRED!
WELL, WELL! I THINK THAT THERE'S ONLY ONE MASTERPIECE AS FAR AS SHE'S CONCERNED
AND THAT'S HER LITTLE FOXY...
AND WHY LITTLE FOXY?
IN HONOR OF HIS FATHER, BROWNINGWELL, "THE CRAFTY FOX"
WELL, YOU DON'T SAY, COMRADE SHIPBUILDER!


THE FLOATING EXCHANGE IS MEETING IMMEDIATELY, COMRADE CARPENTER. THE MEETING IS RESTRICTED AND SECRET. BUT YOU ARE ASKED TO ATTEND...
VERY WELL, COMRADE GAVOT.
BROWNINGWELL, WE HAVE SOME DISTURBING NEWS FROM THE SEVENTIETH UNIVERSE. YOUR ADVERSARY, NEVIL LEVEL, IS MUCH FURTHER ADVANCED THAN WE REALIZED. DOUBTLESS, HE HAD THE ADVANTAGE OF SOME NEW TECHNICAL DEVELOPMENT...OR SOME KIND OF TRICKERY ANYWAY, THE RESULT IS THAT IT WILL TAKE HIM LESS THAN FOUR MONTHS TO FINISH HIS MASTERPIECE AND DECLARE IT OFFICIALLY READY...AND THE SUPERIOR COUNSEL OF THE GREAT ARCHITECT WILL CERTAINLY BE COMPELLED TO ACKNOWLEDGE IT.
HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE YOU TO COMPLETE YOUR MASTERPIECE, COMRADE CARPENTER?
FOUR YEARS!
FOUR YEARS AGAINST FOUR MONTHS. THE GAME IS LOST, COMRADES! GOOD-BYE TO THE EIGHTEEN PLANETS OF THE SYSTEM!
NO!
WHY NOT?
TONIGHT THE WORKSHOP SPACESHIP WILL LEAVE WILLIAM IV AND THIS UNIVERSE!
BAH! IT WON'T BE ENOUGH FOR YOU TO SPEND SEVERAL WEEKS IN UNIVERSE 1930 TO MAKE UP FOR ALL THAT LOST TIME..
WELL, WELL, EXPLAIN TO US, COMRADE, WHAT...
AS FAR AS I KNOW, NEVIL LEVEL IS USING THE SAME METHOD... HE DOESN'T HAVE A SPACESHIP LIKE BROWNINGWELL'S, WHICH CAN EVOLVE ACROSS THE PARALLEL UNIVERSES, BUT IT'S POSSIBLE FOR HIM TO MAKE THE DIFFICULT PIECES OF HIS MASTERPIECE IN ANOTHER WORLD WHERE TIME PASSES LIKE LIGHTNING COMPARED TO OURS..
LIKE LIGHTNING? DO YOU KNOW P.U. P51-90?
THE SAME EVENING...
BROWNINGWELL IS A FOOL, AND HIS WOMAN'S NOT WORTH MUCH EITHER... THEY HAVE LITTLE CHANCE OF RETURNING! AND WE, POOR CHILDREN OF THE COSMOS, HAVE LITTLE HOPE OF ACQUIRING THE 18 PLANETS OF THE SYSTEM. BUT A FABULOUS ADVENTURE IS BEGINNING... LET US SALUTE OUR COMRADE!
IF BROWNINGWELL DOES MANAGE TO PENETRATE THE IMPENETRABLE... IF P.U. 2000 OPENS ITS DOORS TO HIM, IF THE GREAT KEYHOLE ALLOWS ITSELF TO BE PICKED, IF THE GREAT HINGE DOESN'T JAM AND THE SWINGING DOORS DON'T SHUT AGAIN WITH RAGE, AND IF THE AUDACITY OF THE CARPENTER DOESN'T PROVOKE A GREAT COSMIC UPROAR!.. THEN OUR CRAFTY FOX WILL FINISH HIS MASTERPIECE IN LESS THAN AN HOUR BY OUR CLOCK!
LET US ALL STAND, THEN, AND DRINK TO THE HEALTH OF OUR "LIP-RIGHT FRIEND," OUR COMRADE CARPENTER. DRINK UP! DRINK DOWN!

NO ONE HAS EVER RETURNED FROM P.U. PSI-90, THE LAST KNOWN PARALLEL UNIVERSE, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LOOKING GLASS IN THE GLOOM OF THE ULTIMATE REFLECTION...
BEYOND IS THE ABYSS... BEYOND IT, DOUBTLESS, THE WORLD AND ANTI-WORLDS. THE WHOLE UNIVERSE BEGINS AGAIN INSIDE OUT.
BY NOW OUR BROWNINGWELL AND HIS BARBARELLA--WHOSE COURAGE AND DARING NO ONE CAN DENY--HAVE BEEN GONE A FULL TWO YEARS.
TWO YEARS OF THEIR TIME, FOR IT HASN'T BEEN HALF AN HOUR SINCE THEY LEFT US.
WHEN I THINK.
WHEN YOU THINK OF WHAT, COMRADE BLACKSMITH?

..I'M THINKING OF THE MIDDLE UNIVERSE, WHERE BARBARELLA WAS BORN.. DO YOU KNOW, COMRADES, THAT IN THAT UNIVERSE, ON THE PLANET EARTH...


..IN A LABORATORY, WHICH IS MOST CERTAINLY ABANDONED BY NOW AND POSSIBLY IN RUINS, BARBARELLA AND BROWNINGWELL ARE STILL SLEEPING ?
STILL!
FOREVER!


FOREVER, PERHAPS...
TO THOSE WHO MAY BE HERE OR THERE FOREVER, BUT WHO ARE NONETHELESS ETERNAL, DRINK UP, DRINK DOWN!
WHAT A GRAND TOAST, COMRADE!
TO GRAND TOASTS!.. TO PRETTY AND PROPER TOASTS! DRINK UP! DRINK DOWN!
DRINK UP! DRINK DOWN!

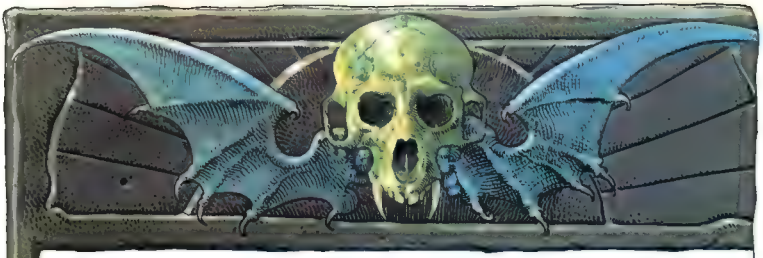
DRINK.. UP.. COMRADES!
RING UP'N DOWN!
HIC!
MAYBE OTTA TAKE A LITTLE BREAK.. WHAT F BROWNINGWELL... WHAT IF OUR CRAFTY OL' FOX WAS TO COME BACK NOW? WHAT WOULDN'T DO! IT'S POSSIBLE.. GOTTA WELCOME 'EM WITH DIG-DIG-DIGNITY!

THERE IS NO MORE ROMANTIC UNIVERSE THAN PSI-90. BUT YOU CAN HAVE ENOUGH OF A GOOD THING...
O.K., NOW! LET'S GO BACK!
DOWN WITH WORK AND UP WITH PARTIES!
BLOW, LITTLE FOXY, BLOW!

GENTLY, BROWNINGWELL./ DON'T EAT THE LITTLE FOX UP UNTIL HE'S HAD SOME OF HIS CAKE.'
I'LL EAT WHAT I WANT, WHENEVER I WANT!
DADDY! I LIKE IT WHEN YOU EAT ME ALL UP!'
ATTENTION! ARRIVING ON WILLIAM IV IN 143 MINUTES!
HEY! LOOK!
H-U-R-R-Y!
DRINK UP...
DEAR SIRS...HERE I AM, AND MY MASTER-PIECE IS COMPLETE!
ALL PRAISE TO YOU, BROWNING WELL, GURU, FREEDOM FIGHTER!
AND PRAISE THE... CHILDREN... OF THE CO..S...
SMOSS...
DRINK UP!

MOMENTARILY, BROWNINGWELL WILL TRANSFER THE MISSING ELEMENTS OF HIS MASTERPIECE INTO SPACE. AND WE WILL SEE ABOVE US IN THE SKY OF WILLIAM IV THE PERFECTION OF THE SYMBOL OF SCIENCE LIGHTING THE WORLD. THE RAYS OF HER "LANTERN" WILL APPEAR TO US AS ANOTHER SUN...
WHAT AN EXAGGERATION, I WOULD BE QUITE SUITABLE TO SAY A KIND OF MOON...
WHAT'S A MOON?
THAT "BARBARELLA" SATELLITE WILL BE THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE UNIVERSE!
THE EIGHTH OR THE SEVENTH?
THE EIGHTH, COMRADE, THE EIGHTH, FOR... WAIT, LET ME COUNT..
READY, COMRADES?
HARRY, CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING?
OF COURSE, MA'AM!
DO YOU THINK IT WILL BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY - I MEAN, ME AS A KIND OF MOON CIRCLING WILLIAM IV?
CERTAINLY, MA'AM... IT IS SO REALISTIC!
ME, TOO! I WANNA ASK SOMEPIN!
YES, FOXY...
WHY IS IT YOU WHO'S THE MOON PERSON AND NOT DADDY?
SSSCHTRAC!
CRATCHSSS!

TO BE CONTINUED...



What's weirder than a time warp, unique as a unicorn? A magazine that's totally new in concept, a magazine that's brilliantly executed, a magazine that has real impact on its readers. Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine, is one.

Published by Twenty First Century Communications, the creators of National Lampoon, it began in March of '77 with a limited distribution. Within months, its sales had tripled.

Heavy Metal has already gone far beyond any magazine of fantasy or science fiction in the quality of its artwork, the daring of its stories, the number of copies sold.

We have quoted a fan who wrote to us "Heavy Metal is better than being stoned. Almost."

You can subscribe today.

All checks must be payable in continental U.S. or Canada. For each year, add $2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.

HM-578

Heavy Metal, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes. I want to be a subscriber to Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine. I realize that this subscription entitles me to deduct $8.00 from the subscription price listed below.

☐ I have enclosed my check or money order.

☐ Charge to my Master Charge #_____

BankAmericard # _____

Bank #_____ Expiration Date ___ ___ month year

Signature _____

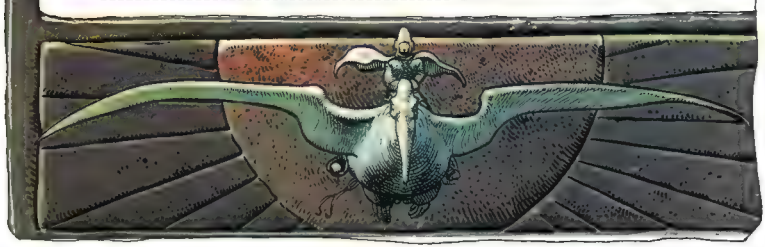
☐ One year (12 issues). . .	. . . $18.00. Deduct $8.00—you pay $10.00
☐ Two years (24 issues). . .	$26.00. Deduct $8.00—you pay $18.00
☐ Three years (36 issues). . . .	$33.00. Deduct $8.00—you pay $25.00

Send my subscription to

NAME: _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



1996

YER ...YER NOT ...?
POR-DO REEG-EN!
WUDZ RONGWIDAD?
NOW I GED ID!
EYEDU NEVER GEZD! YER ZO...
?
WELL, I MENE...YER FAZE, YER HARE, CULLER YER SKIN...
HOODA THOD...
YA, SO WUDZU PRAWLUM ?
UHH... WELL...I KAND MAYG UZAYL UNER EEZ GUNDJUNZ...
!
?
LIZUN, EYEM RILLY SORRY BUDA ROOLZA ROOL...JEEZ, YUMUZDU SEENID UBINA LOBBY...YU MUZDU SEENID...
WUD ROOL ?
"THIZ ZEGZJUN REZERVD FER WIDE MERUCUNZ ZONELY!"
!
BUD THADZ...
THADZ ID ...RILLY, EYEM SORRY
!

BUD IDZ STILL OGAY! THER ZUNUTHER PARG FER UMMM.. MEYNORIDEEZ... IDZ INN ZUBAYZMEND, ON LEVIL FIVDEE...
?
,YOOWANNA I GAN TAGEYUDUTHU ZAYLZGURL INAD... SEGJUN...
MMM. NO... HAVDU THING-ABOWD ID.. THEY BERZUNULIZED TO?
BEG BARDUN ?
ARRA REGGZ ONA VIDEEYUTH LEVIL BERZUNALIZED?
O SHUR! BUD...UMM... I MEENU ZAY...KINNA WORG WE DEWONNA BREZENDAY-JUNZ NODDA ZAYM... I MEEN NODDA ZAKLY... NO WUDDEYE MEEN...
?
NO!
HUH ?
NO! DON UNERSTAN !
UH, WELL... UMM... SEE... UH SIZZDEM UV BREEZERVIN NONWIDE MERIGUNZ KINNA DIVRUND... THER NOD EMBOMD...
?
YAH... UH... WOOD KOZD DOO MUDJ... ANYWAYZ THERA BUNJA DOBZ!
!

AN THER INZEYEDZ GODDA VANDUJU LASSIN LONGER...
WEEV AGJULEE NODIZD THERZ FYOOER SAYLZ INNA IMMIGRUND SEGJUN, BUD STILL AYAWL LASS LONGER ANAY DOOUB HEER...
ANYWAYZ...
JEEBER KOZDUTHU OBERAZJUN MEENZ WEEGUN PUP ALOD MOR BEEBUL INEEDJ GAR... MAYGEZID LUG ALOD LIG REEL EREEDAY LYVE...

FUGIN SHAYM!
MMM...YUNO, MIZDER, TH WERGZ DUN BY REEL BERVEJUNULZ, UNER UBEZD GUNDIJUNZ... YUD HARLEE NODIZU DIVRENZ
I THINGIDZ KYNA NEED WEER TRYNA INNUGRAYD RAYZJULL MYNORDEEZ INNA ARDIZDIG ZBEEREEEYENZ
IDZA KYNA JEZDJER, KYNA GENRUZ SPEERDED, IVYU NO WUDEYE MEEN...
I GAN TAGYU DOWNAYR...
NO THANGZ, EYEM NOD INEREZDED
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WRECKS AND RUINS
EYEM DEL-LINYU YOODON UNERSTAN...
OGAY OGAY!
LEEME LONE!

I ALUZ SED THEYAWDA PUDDAD ROOL LIBBINNA LOBBY WARE BEEBUL KUD REED ID BEDDER... ANY-WAYZ, ODDA BEEYANIN-ZBEGDER ADDA DOR...
TUFF STAYIN KOOL WIDAWL EEZ CHIKS AROWN !
BUNJA DOBZ, AY! JEEZ, WENZ-AWLIZ SHID GUNNA END...
BELEPAV

TO BE CONTINUED...

The most incredible T-shirts in this galaxy.

From *Heavy Metal*, naturally, come the most beautiful T-shirts you will ever see or wear. They are fine 100% cotton with French-cut sleeves for both men and women. They come in black or red with the *Heavy Metal* logo in silver metal that's flocked as thick as your finger. There's never been a shirt as spectacular as this.

Heavy Metal figured to come through with something completely different. You can purchase these shirts in small, medium, and large in either color at $6 each plus 60¢ per shirt. These shirts would retail for double the amount if sold in department stores... but they are not sold in department stores.

Heavy Metal T-shirts. As unbelievable as *Heavy Metal* itself.

Heavy Metal
Dept. HM-578
635 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me _____ *Heavy Metal* T-shirt(s) at $6.00 plus 60¢ per shirt.

Black S☐ M☐ L☐
Red S☐ M☐ L☐

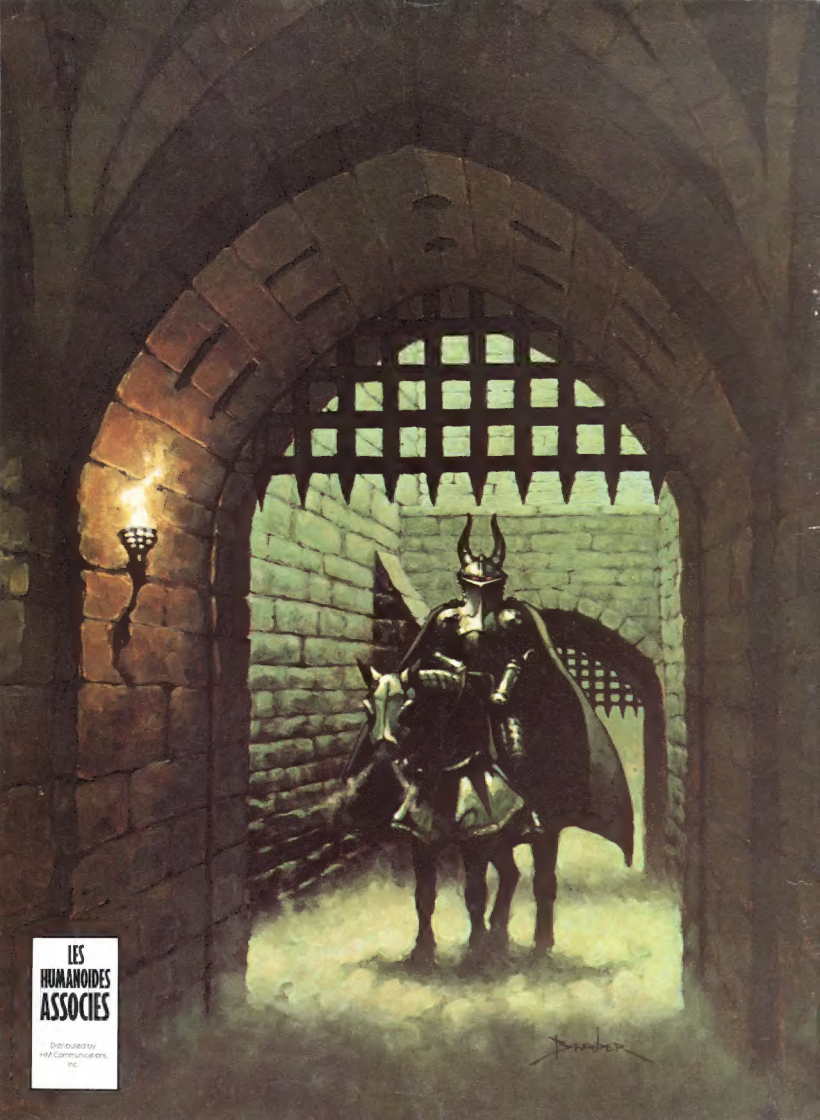
Name _____

Address _____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Enclosed please find my check or money order.

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.



LES HUMANOIDES ASSOCIES

Distributed by HM Communications, Inc.